



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

TO
ROME
AND
BACK

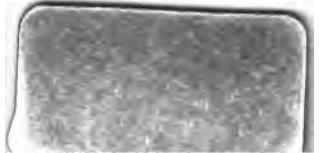


600023428P





600023428P



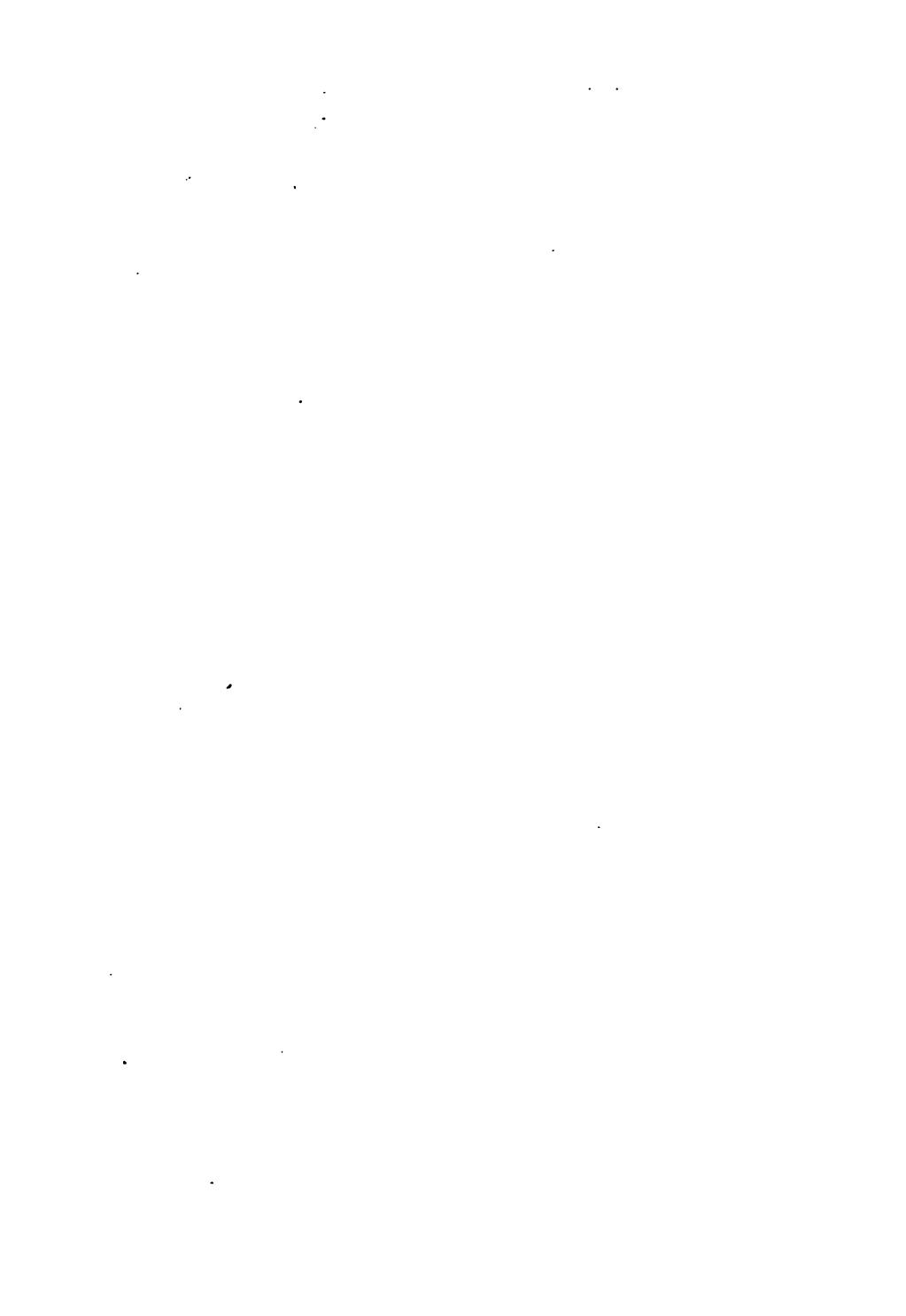
— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

— — — — —

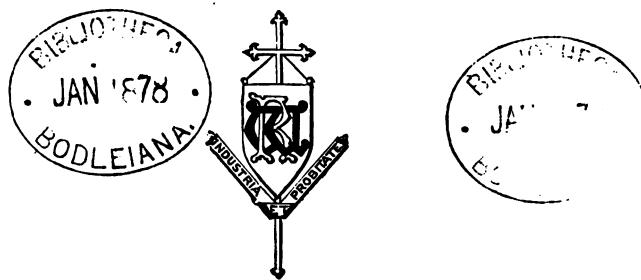


TO ROME AND BACK:

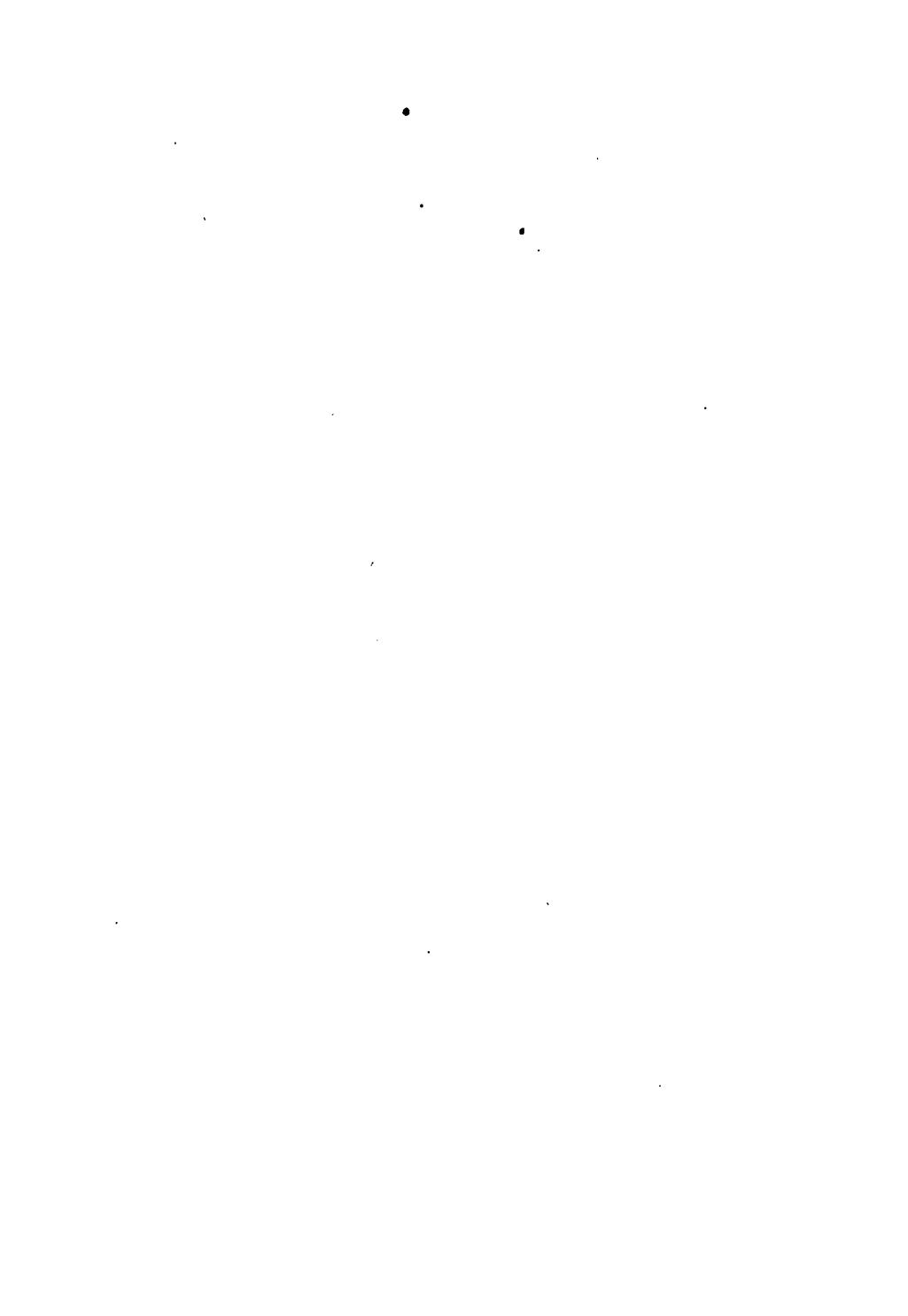
Fly-Leaves from a Flying Tour.

EDITED BY

W. H. ANDERDON, S.J.



LONDON :
R. WASHBOURNE, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW.
1877.



P R E F A C E.

THE publication of these graphic and vigorous sketches would be interesting at any time, to those who have traversed the same ground with the writer, and to such as from habit or circumstance prefer a “voyage autour de ma chambre” to the fatigues and discomforts of actual travel. On the principle propounded by the old Roman in such magnificent verse, but with so pagan a sentiment, that it is pleasant, while seated on a rock, to watch a vessel labouring amid the tempestuous waves beneath, a soothing spirit of favourable contrast is apt to steal over us, on reading of such minor disasters as even the facilities of modern travel entail on those who accomplish “long lengths of miles” within a given time. The reader of such a narrative occupies the position of a critic surveying the literary efforts of one

whose personal energy he might be slow to emulate, and of the spectator of some drama of varied interest, sitting at ease while it is enacted before him. This facility of placing oneself in the circumstances of another, who details his experience for our benefit, accounts for the interest and the charm attaching to most narratives of travel, from Herodotus or Mandeville to the present day. They bear the same relation to a mere work on topography or archæology, or to the facts of a gazetteer, which the concrete actual doings, not to say sufferings, of our fellow-men, have to the abstract and impersonal.

But the rapid notes here offered to the reader have their special interest by reason of date, no less than of place and scene. They were written and sent home as private letters to a near relative, during a part of that time when Catholics throughout the world were united in one deep stirring of emotion towards the Vicar of our Lord. Though not enrolled among the pilgrims who represented the Church of S. Augustine, S. Edward, and S. Thomas at the feet of the Holy Father, the writer, as will be

seen, was admitted with them to audience, and shared the Apostolic blessing. The records of the Jubilee of Pius the Ninth would form a chapter in the literature of our century. His own answers to the addresses offered to him day by day, characterised, as they are, by wonderful freshness, vigour, and variety, would live in the page of any national history, had they come from the lips of a secular prince, or chimed with the spirit of the age. A sketch, then, even in outline, and by almost an accidental view, of the occurrences in Rome during the early summer of this year, must be of interest, so long as Pius the Ninth is enshrined with reverent love in the hearts of his children. Again, the "beautiful death" that crowned, almost at the feet of the Holy Father, a beautiful and devoted life, could hardly be touched with a truer pen than we find it in a page or two of this little volume. The name of Cecil Lady Lothian will always be inseparably linked with the memories of the English pilgrimage to Rome for the Jubilee of 1877. In promoting it, and taking her active share in its events, she overtasked a strength unequal to the

promptings of a nature energetic in act, and intense in its devotion. And if, as is more than indicated, the valuable life whose withdrawal from among us leaves such a chasm in our London charities, was offered for the Vicar of Christ, then a notice, however incidental, of its end, possesses some portion of the interest attaching to the account of a martyrdom.

Thanks are therefore due to one who has here become an authoress in spite of herself ; whose depreciation of her own sketches has made her reluctant to see them now reproduced, even as their first appearance in the *Weekly Register* was due to friends who gave no opportunity of withholding consent. At all times, and not least in our day, that book is a public benefit which unites two characteristics, not always, certainly, combined—justness of view, interest and attractiveness of manner. The true is often so ill stated, and the lively so often untrue, that we are fain to resign ourselves to the lack of one quality, for the secure possession of the other. Such smart epigrammatic writing as our present time specially affects, is only too able to secure admittance for the

fallacies often disguised under its brilliant and off-hand utterance. The immediate victory seems to remain with the light skirmishing party, as compared with the more ponderous phalanx round the standard of truth and right. We hail, then, each recruit, or (as in the present case) each involuntary conscript, who will bring into the wide battle a weapon of the keenness, readiness, and force that characterise this “pen of a rapid writer.”

W. H. A.

TO ROME AND BACK.

I.

OFF ON A PILGRIMAGE TO ROME !

If a leisurely journey through France and Italy, with all modern appliances for comfortable transit, can so be designated. Still, the Eternal City is our destination—the blessing of the Holy Father the privilege for which our souls are yearning, and this supreme motive gives a far different character to our journey from so many others of mere pleasure-seeking. And the pleasure that will come to us, as we travel, from all beauty of nature and art, is to be elevated and intensified by the undercurrent of our thoughts :

“*Lætatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi : in domum Domini ibimus.*”

It has been a late spring, with only a few

pleasant balmy days during Passion-tide and Easter week ; and we leave London under the cheerless aspect of a damp, foggy morning. As the train shoots out from the great metropolis, misty shadows hang drearily over the leaden river, and the narrow back streets whose house-roofs lie beneath us, look more squalid and smoke-begrimed than usual, in the chill, damp atmosphere. We say to ourselves, that in two days our road will lie through the sunny plains of Provence, and under the mountain curves that skirt the blue Mediterranean ; and the glory of spring, like the smile of God, will surely irradiate that fair southern land. We feel as in childhood, when on the eve of some day's pleasure we went early to bed and tried to sleep, that to-morrow might come soon. It comes soon enough now.

A weary day's travel, a welcome night's rest in Paris, a desultory day of idling and shopping in the bright city, whose scarred and ruined buildings give one a strange shock as we come upon them here and there, in the midst of the spring sunshine, the gay shops, the smiling faces, and merry chatter. Then we start by the night express for Marseilles. It is not the time of year when travellers are flocking south, and

the “*train rapide*” is comparatively empty; so there is no difficulty in finding room to lie down and rest, which we do till 2 A.M. Then, sitting up, we watch for the first glimmer of dawn. When it came, we saw the Rhône spreading itself out in large gleaming curves. We had only one real stoppage, at Lyons, where we stayed half-an-hour for breakfast. Then a beautiful day rose, and we began to get into the luxuriant south—such a contrast to what we had left behind! The hills on each side covered with vegetation and vineyards, tier above tier, and the orchards below crowded with fruit trees, each one a perfect snow-drift of white blossom; and every ten miles the foliage and vegetation became more summer-like. Then we came to Avignon and Arles, surrounded by arid plains. Beautiful glimpses greeted us, as we passed through Provence. Presently came a tunnel of ten minutes, a shorter one followed; and when we emerged into sunshine again, there was Marseilles,

“With her ships behind her, and the sea in front,
Bar’d like a scimitar for right-hand use!”

It was now 11.30, and we had to change trains and wait forty-five minutes. This gave

time for lunch, which was a welcome interlude ; for our breakfast at Lyons had been a hasty one. Thus refreshed, we settled ourselves anew in the train for Cannes, which is approached through a beautiful country ; the blue Mediterranean on one side, with its creeks and bays ; and on the other, a very picturesque ridge of hills ; some of them very lofty. It looks completely *south*, now ; fields and terraces of grey olives, hedges of prickly aloes, and occasional palm, and numbers of lovely shrubs and trees, all in full bloom and foliage.

Every now and then a cluster or row of cypresses shoots up, dark and stately, in contrast with the green freshness all round.

CANNES, 5.30 P.M.—This place is so lovely ; a perfect Eden ! The garden hedges and the walls of the houses are covered with climbing roses in full bloom ; the weather is like June in England ; the blue Mediterranean and the Esterelle Mountains form the most exquisite scenery ; and the flowers, vegetation, and foliage are simply delicious. Everything is in full bloom ; roses, heliotropes, Parma violets, every sort of flower ; and then the orange-trees, literally covered with blossom and fruit, make the whole air a perfume. We have sheaves of

roses and violets all about the room. I always think flowers bring one so near to God ; they are the expression of such tender, thoughtful love from Him !

II.

GENOA.

WE arrived here last night, so tired. We had started from Cannes at 6.30 A.M., and only reached here at 7 P.M. It was a slow train, with a long stoppage at the frontier for the Douane : but the scenery of the Riviera is so beautiful that it would have been a sad pity to choose the express, and rush through it partly in the dark. All description seems poor, though very beautiful ones have been written. On this lovely day we had the colouring in vivid perfection ; so that from the time we left Cannes till we were in sight of Genoa, it was one panorama after another of varied beauty, which was made still more striking because we were constantly plunging into the blackness of a tunnel, and emerging again into the glory of sunlight and the beauty of nature. The road skirts the sea, sometimes just overhanging it ;

and we could see far into its sapphire depths, whose tideless ripple breaks into a creamy line of foam along its narrow boundary of yellow sand. The rocks are of a deep red colour, and on the other side there are thickly-planted gardens of oranges and lemons, perfectly *golden* with their clusters of ripe fruit. Olives, palms, and hedges of aloes, cactus, and blooming roses; then everywhere the soft swell of the hills, with the Apennines rising behind them like a screen; here and there, their snowy summits showing. On the side of the hills, often on their tops, are perched the wonderful old towns of the Riviera, with their tiers of white houses crowned by a church and most often a large convent, now generally deserted. The numerous palms, and the whiteness of the buildings, give these towns almost an Eastern aspect; some of the bell-towers are very picturesque, and the cypresses are dotted about, or stand in clusters, like tall dark sentinels. The scene at the frontier baffled description. Beautiful Italy! But oh, the Italians!

Genoa, rightly called "La Superba," is a queenly city, and thoroughly Italian in all its characteristics. Wonderful contrasts of deep shade and sunlight are seen to perfection in

the lofty buildings with their shadowy arches, and the tall narrow streets. This morning we went to Mass at the church of the Annunziata : it was so beautiful ! The grand old church, the lights twinkling in its shadowy depths, the air heavy with incense (as it never is except in these old churches), and the group of devout Italians gathered round each altar and shrine. After breakfast, we went to High Mass at the Duomo ; but we had mistaken the time, and it was nearly over. Such a pity ! for it was a splendid function, and the effect of the Gregorian chants, with a number of men's voices, was thrilling to a degree. There was procession of the Blessed Sacrament, with Benediction after ; it was beautifully done, and when the crowded church knelt down and took up the *Tantum Ergo*, the effect was simply overpowering. One realises so sensibly the grandeur and beauty of the Church at such moments ! Though of course they are not essential for this purpose, still, at the time they are very consoling. I thought of S. Teresa's dying words : "Remember, O Lord, I am a child of Thy Church." I think, after all, the basilicas are much more in harmony with our services and ceremonies than the Gothic churches,

though the latter are more beautiful in some ways—at least, these grand functions in a basilica are very imposing. The Duomo is of black and white marble (striped); and crimson curtains over the windows, that are not stained, make lovely bits of colour. The Annunziata is full of coloured marble and painting. We have been to see the body of S. Catherine of Genoa, which is certainly in a wonderful state of preservation. This seems a devout town, and there are many *men* in the churches, which is consoling.

We spent Tuesday at Pisa. Unfortunately, it was a wet day, and that old-world city looked more solemn and deserted than usual under a grey sky and plashing rain, and after the busy life of Genoa. The Arno had swollen till it nearly reached the top of the bridge arches, and its brown waters rushing along seemed the only thing of life. We went to the Campo Santo, the Baptistry, and the Duomo, High Mass going on at the latter. It is such a splendid basilica, and the colouring and ornamentation of the richest kind. There are double rows of stately columns, all leading up to a vast mosaic in the dome; and beneath stands the high altar with its glimmering

lights and group of priests and acolytes. Their voices were very fine ; the organ-tones went wandering through the solemn colonnades, and the dim light increased the effect of vastness. But when it came to examining the chapels, pictures, sculpture, etc., we had the feeling that days would not suffice ; and an hour or two only gave us a superficial idea of all the beauties contained in those three wonderful buildings, and a sort of disappointment at not having time to appreciate all their treasures. It is so now with *everything*. A confusion of beauty remains on the mind ; but I do not think one really *enters* into any one thing, or derives a full amount of pleasure from it. After all, the body and its senses are but a prison, and a very narrow one, for the soul ; and it is so true that the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing. These beautiful things do but wake up the deepest longings of the soul—" le besoin d'aimer, le besoin de Dieu."

III.

FLORENCE.

WE arrived here last night from Pisa. The bad weather spoilt the *coup d'œil* of the lovely plains of Lombardy, now in their spring luxuriance ; the budding vines festooned from tree to tree, the mulberry-trees, almond, peach, fig, lemon, and orange, form a perfect land of Arcadia. And the exquisite tender green of the spring foliage ! That, and the beautiful outlines of the mountains, we saw through mist and cloud-wreath ; and arrived in the “City of Lilies” under torrents of rain, which have lasted till this afternoon. We went this morning to the lovely Church of the Annunziata for Mass, and on to S. Marco, Savonarola’s convent and church. Within its cloisters we may fancy him, as he is described in the early days of his religious life, holding fervent discourse beneath the shade of a damask rose-tree. Years later, we see those very cloisters filled, and their gates defended, by white-robed novices doing brave battle to protect their beloved Fathers from the soldiery and fierce populace. In vain;

for they are overpowered, their sanctuary invaded, and he whom the fickle people had almost worshipped as saint, prophet, and deliverer, is led forth with his two companions to the prison, the unjust trial, the cruel torture, the ignominious gibbet and burning pyre ! And yet, scarcely has that noble soul passed through the grave and gate of death to the one great tribunal of supreme appeal, than Florence does tardy justice to his memory. To-day she ranks him with her great ones, and everything belonging to him is preserved as a relic. We saw his cell, his chapel, his Bible, with his own marginal notes, some of his vestments, his cilice, crucifix, and other objects ; also his portrait. Of this splendid old Dominican monastery, the friars have now only a small part ; the rest being kept as a sort of museum, and shown to visitors. There is the old refectory, the fine cloisters, the library, the cells, each containing one of those celebrated frescoes by *Fra Angelico*. Until last year, no woman's eye ever rested on them, as they still belonged to the enclosure of the friars, who now occupy another corner of the building. But now, one sees the originals in the very cells which *Fra Angelico*, *Fra Bartolomeo*, and their brethren inhabited.

What a history of sanctity do those old walls enshrine ; and what beautiful traces remain for us still to venerate ! The holy legends and heavenly visions, interwoven with the fascination of poetry and art, which have ever invested the Dominican Order with a peculiar charm, seem to have culminated here, and still linger like an exquisite aroma about their ancient sanctuary. S. Marco entrals us ; and we turn away reluctantly from the dimmed and perishing frescoes, which, like fading visions, speak of the angelic soul who, in painting them, both prayed and wept. Will art and piety ever again combine to produce a result which, in spite of stiffness and conventionalism, has still such power to stir us to reverence and devotion ?

The Duomo formed the principal object for this afternoon. For some time we lingered outside, admiring its majestic outlines. The sun had come out at last, showing what Florence could be in her noonday glory. There was a break in the clouds behind the Duomo, and on the clear blue the dark cupola swelled with its mighty curve. Beneath it, the walls are encrusted by precious marbles, green and white ; the latter have warmed and ripened in varied

hue under the glowing sun, and now they gleamed and shone like mother-of-pearl. Porches and windows alike are enriched by very fine sculpture ; but, most of all, the eye is uplifted in delight to the famous campanile of Giotto, which rises into the upper air with its spiral shafts and delicate traceries, as if the alabaster had been fashioned by fairy hands. Yet, with all this lightness, it exhibits such strength in its upspringing purity : it is truly “a thing of beauty and a joy for ever !”

The interior of the Duomo is a complete contrast to all this ; and at first we are chilled, and but little prepared to admire. The proportions are vast, and very grand, but the walls are of a dark tint, and almost without colour and ornament ; so the effect is severe and sombre. But there are beautiful old stained windows, which are like bits of rich jewellery in the setting of dark stone ; and, here and there, are numerous hanging lamps over the altars ; and these glimmer in the deep shadows like constellations of stars. The effect is like a flame of devotion, attracting one to pause and kneel as one wanders through the vast building. The Church of S. Maria Novella is also very fine. On Sunday we are to go to

the Mass of the “Quarant’ Ore” there ; this goes on at some churches every day. You see the *Invito Sacro* written up, and you go in and see, in the midst of gold and silver hangings, and a blaze of candles, the Blessed Sacrament raised high up for adoration ; almost invariably, too, there are numerous devout worshippers. Masses go on in all the churches the whole morning.

The weather is warm and sunny now, and we see Florence in its perfection. A most fascinating city it is, both in respect to beauty and interest.

“The past and present here unite
Beneath time’s flowing tide.”

There is no sign of decadence, as in so many other beautiful Italian cities. Many of the well-known massive buildings, with a whole history memorialised in their stones, seem to belong as much to the past as to the present. You stand on the steps of the Duomo, where the people used to crowd before day-dawn to hear Savonarola preach ; or in the Piazza, where from the prison of the Signoria he was brought forth to die. You walk through cloisters where Angelico prayed, and painted the pictures which are themselves each one a prayer. This

morning we went to the tombs of the Medici, which are contained in a splendid chapel, with some famous statues by Michael Angelo. The place is fit for the sepulchre of that great and gifted race. Then we went to the baptistery, which is beside the Duomo. It is very fine, and has marvellous bronze doors by Pisani. In the afternoon we drove to the Certosa outside the city, a splendid old Carthusian monastery, founded in 1341. It has a grand position, commanding the most beautiful views of Florence and the mountains, and is built like a crown on the top of a cypress-covered hill. Its church is exceedingly rich, decorated with frescoes, marbles, and pietre-dure ; and the cloisters are lovely. They surround the Campo Santo, wherein the community are buried : the separate dwelling of each monk opens by a door into them. It is quite a place to dream of. To add to its interest, there are the rooms and furniture intact which Pius VII. occupied in his exile. But, alas ! only thirteen Fathers and ten Brothers remain, and they are forbidden to receive novices : so their number is quickly diminishing, and will soon be extinct. The enclosure no longer exists ; else, of course, we could not have entered. A lay Brother

showed us round, with a sweet, holy face. There is something refined and elevated about the Carthusians, that fascinates one. They still keep their rule, of course ; and this was the one day in the week for recreation together : so their white robes were to be seen flitting about amongst the olive trees. But there was something intensely sad in knowing that year by year the number would dwindle down, and that even now the greater part of the old carved stalls stand empty ; in the large refectory where they dine together on feasts, only a corner is required for their number. I looked down on the fair city beneath, radiant in the sunshine, with its vine-covered hills and the snow-capped mountains beyond, and thought what blessings had passed away from it in the prayers of those holy men. These things are the sad sights that meet one now at every turn in Italy.

Yesterday we went to S. Maria Novella for High Mass. The devotion of the “Quarant’ Ore” was going on. It was most gorgeous, for the church is a fine one, belonging to the Dominicans, who are in the ascendant here. The hangings were of gold and silver tissue, and the blaze of lights was perfectly dazzling ;

but no flowers. Music not very good. It is strange, in this land of song, that the Church music is most inferior ; and they shout out of tune continually.

In the afternoon we drove to Fiesole, a lovely drive of about three miles, an ascent all the way, affording the most beautiful views of Florence and the mountains, the rich plain of the Arno, and the villa-dotted hills. Everything was so fresh and green after the rain, and all along the wayside was the purple iris, with hedges of roses. We looked into the little cathedral, which is very old and curious. Catechising was going on, after Italian fashion. The children and young people (some, indeed, quite middle-aged) filled the church—chatted, said their prayers, looked about, or answered, as the fancy took them ; while the old curé, with his vicaire helping, leaned on a corner of the altar-rails, and took it leisurely. They seemed to think it was the most natural thing that visitors should come in to explore, even in service-time. When we came out, a crowd of beggars assailed us—such beggars as only Italy can produce—and we had a time of it with them.

In the evening, we went to Benediction at

S. Maria Novella. We were fortunate in getting good places, inside a sort of enclosure just before the altar, and we listened to the monks in the choir behind, chanting Vespers. The organ from outside answered them ; and, as some of the voices were really fine, and the chants grand and simple, the effect was very good. Then the black and white procession streamed out, and passed into the sacristy, whence they returned with lighted tapers and incense, and the priests in splendid vestments. The people thronged and knelt round the altar, as they do in Italy ; the Litanies were chanted, and Benediction followed. It was a most impressive function, and we did not mark how the time went ; but nearly two hours passed, and when we came out, the moon was shining over Florence, and the lights gleaming all down the Lungo d'Arno. We had some difficulty in getting home, the streets were so crowded with the common people taking their Sunday evening's amusement.

We spent this morning in the Uffizii Gallery, where are so many of the beautiful and well-known pictures and sculptures. The drawback is, there are positively too many masterpieces together; one gets confused with their different

claims. Another circumstance jarred upon me painfully. There are the most beautiful and devotional pictures, particularly those of the early Italian school, Raphael at his best, etc. Some of these are so full of tender piety, purity, and reverence, that they stir the soul like a devout meditation ; and more so, for they suggest deeper thought than any words can do: “l’expression a ses frontières, la pensée n’en a pas.” One stands, and looks, and dreams, till the tears almost rise ; then, turning reluctantly away, feeling purified and elevated by the gaze, one’s eyes fall perforce on some exquisite piece of heathen sculpture, or, worse still, the picture of some Venus belonging to the same school of colouring, and therefore placed near. This is always the case with Titian and Raphael. You can imagine the effect—it is positive pain. One cannot deny to these others their intrinsic beauty ; and particularly so with ancient sculpture ; but, then, it neither comes from God nor goes to God, and in the contrast is more painful than ugliness or deformity would be. There was a picture of “Noli me tangere,” that it was impossible to look at without tears rising.

We also paid a visit to some few Jesuit

Fathers, who, driven out of Rome, now inhabit the villa of S. Gerolamo. Here we saw their venerable chief, the aged and saintly Father Beckx.

We are so accustomed in England to the isolation of our faith from visible surroundings, and from the social and national life, that when we find ourselves in a nation whose culture and art seek their highest expressions in the precious truths which form the very existence of our souls, our devotion receives a new impetus ; and it is most consoling to recognise how, even in the present day, their religion is a part of the life of this people. Ruskin is wrong when, in the "Stones of Venice," he says that it was only the case in former ages, and hence their past greatness. It is so *now* with the people, but not with their rulers ; and of course the result is inevitable.

We had a wet morning yesterday, and spent it between the Uffizii and Pitti galleries. The two palaces are on opposite sides of the Arno, but connected by a covered gallery, which runs over the Ponte Vecchio, the famous goldsmiths' bridge. The lower part of it is occupied by their shops, and is most curious and picturesque ; especially the open loggia in the centre, which

frames a charming vignette of the shining river, as it shoots along between the buildings that press close, and often rise out of it. There are palace walls or terraced houses, gables, cupolas and spires, quaint and picturesque, with irregular lines and variety of colour—a very mosaic of architecture, set in an arch of blue sky. It would take too long to describe, however briefly, our impressions of the world-famous pictures which are gathered together in this storehouse of art. We were disappointed in the famous “Madonna della Sedia.” There is something unmistakably majestic and divine in the Child, but the “Madonna” falls short, and is far surpassed by those of Raphael’s earlier types. The covered passage between the two galleries is filled with the original sketches of the old masters, many of them very beautiful and interesting.

In the afternoon it cleared up, and we went for a drive in the Cascine, lovely gardens on the banks of the Arno, just out of the city. They are in all the tender green of spring, and the trees very fine. On one side is the Arno, sweeping under her four bridges ; behind lies the city in all its beauty. Indeed, no one can wonder at the enthusiasm of her children

for her. She is so fair that, like Jerusalem, she might well be called “the joy of the whole earth.” On the other side runs a belt of blue hills, in which nestle the white villas, the churches, the convents, now, alas ! too often deserted. As we drove back, there was a sunset behind us, in which Turner would have revelled ; a clear burning glow, against which every beautiful outline was darkly pencilled, while above floated cloud-islands—rose, crimson, and flame-coloured. In seeing the beauty of Italy, one realises so much more strongly some parts of the lives of her saints ; for if early surroundings have much to say to the moulding of character, what must have been the effect of all this beauty on souls that were purified by the grace of God ? It must have helped to awaken all that tender, burning devotion which sometimes seems overwrought to us in our northern clime and colder hearts. This morning we went to the Convent of S. Onofrio, now secularised, to see Raphael’s beautiful fresco, the *Cenacolo*, or Last Supper. It fulfilled all our anticipations. Every face in the picture is a separate study ; but particularly that of S. John, which is a perfect meditation in its purity and love. The hand

of our Blessed Lord rests on his shoulder as he leans on Him, in a way I never saw represented by any other painter. As I looked at it, the Gospel of S. John rose before my mind so forcibly.

Yesterday afternoon we drove to San Miniato, a charming excursion. Leaving the city gates, we ascended by an avenue of noble cypresses and ilexes. I never saw such trees. They are very old, and the trunks of the ilexes are twisted into the most picturesque shapes. After that, there is a long winding road up a steep hill ; the road is bordered by villas and gardens, and at every turn there are glorious views of the city and mountains. At last we came to the Church of San Miniato, which is a marble basilica, very fine, with carving and ornamentation in the interior that have defied time and neglect. The church and the surrounding platform serve as a *Campo Santo*, or burial-place for Florence ; and it is most incongruous to see, amidst the grand old pillars and carvings, the tawdry *souvenirs* that are placed on the marble slabs covering the graves ; baskets of artificial flowers, carefully veiled in muslin, and weeping willows made in wire and green paper. But outside it is worse, for

“united Italy” has been busy in turning this beautiful old sacred spot into a popular promenade, and all the latter part of the cypress avenue, which was world-famous, has been cut down to make room for modern French terraces and balustrades. The view, however, they could not touch, and that is simply incomparable. We could hardly tear ourselves away. Certainly, the monks of old had a good idea of sites for their convents.

To-day (May 19th) is the Feast of Our Lady of Good Counsel ; and we went to the Jesuits’ Church this morning. We found a function going on, and such a crowd that we had difficulty in finding seats. They have part of the Palazzo Strozzi, and a small chapel in it ; but it is feared they will soon lose it. The palace is one of the finest old specimens in Florence, and is built of enormous rough-hewn stones, which look as if they would defy a siege. Indeed, these old palaces were built for safety, and are grim and defensive, with their iron-barred windows like vizors. There are huge iron rings in their massive walls, where flags have floated, and torches flamed, for many a bygone triumph. We can picture them, with hangings of tapestry flaunting from their win-

dows, and groups of fair faces pressed together like flower-clusters, as the gay Masque of the Carnival sweeps along the shadowy windings of the irregular street below. Or again, when the clatter of horse-hoofs, the ring of steel, and the confusion of some fierce tumult surges like the brawling of a torrent between their rock-hewn walls. We stand beneath them, and history defiles before us, in a vast and ever-moving procession. Heroes, rulers, men of genius, fair women : how many generations have bloomed and faded under the shadow of those mighty walls, that defy every wrinkle and mark of time ! To-day, the spring-flowers are piled in bright and fragrant sheaves upon the old stone bench that runs around the palace walls. There are lilies of the valley, rosebuds, white lilac, and narcissus—they meet one with a gush of spring sweetness. And that other flower-growth of men, women, and children, who pass us by, seems scarcely less frail and fleeting, in comparison with the rugged strength of the changeless stone.

We went to see the body of S. Mary Magdalene of Pazzi, which is preserved in a convent of her Order, though not the one where she lived ; for that, now, is a public school. The

convent is strictly enclosed, but permission is sometimes given to enter, and we obtained it through a friend. The body is certainly in wonderful preservation—quite black, but the features unchanged, and the expression sweet. The abbess said that when she removed the veil some time ago to replace it by a new one, she was quite afraid to touch the body, for it was perfectly flexible. It is a large convent, but the Government have already taken away part, and as soon as the number is reduced to six it will all go. At present they are forty in number. The nuns are very sweet and simple, and entertained us with much religious kindness. We went yesterday to the Boboli Gardens, and were fortunate in catching a very fine sunset, which made the view of the city and the mountains perfect. The dome of the cathedral is larger than that of S. Peter's. Michael Angelo said of it, that it might be larger, but should not be more beautiful than its sister. It does not give one the idea of being larger, but its great size can only be appreciated when looked at against its background of purple-shadowed mountains, and its giant curves measured against their sweeping outlines.

The Church of Santa Croce is to Florence what Westminster Abbey is to us—the church where most of her mighty dead lie buried: and the names, as one walks round the walls, are a roll-call from history. Few of the tombs are remarkable for beauty; but I stood a long time beside that of Michael Angelo: the site chosen by himself, because, when the great doors are open, the cupola of the distant Duomo can be seen from the spot. The church is remarkable for its great size; and I think it impresses one more than any other in Florence, except the Duomo, which is a good deal spoilt by its uniform dark colour inside. Santa Croce also contains some fine frescoes by Giotto; and in the refectory, at the end of the cloisters, is his Cenacolo—sadly defaced, however.

These Italian churches are such a rest to the weary, now that the sun is getting powerful. Outside all is noise and clatter, and a glare that scorches and blinds one; but you push aside the heavy curtain that hangs within the door, and find yourself in the cool dark and the marble silence; it is rest both to mind and body. Still, these dear churches have their drawbacks. There are no kneeling places,

except when a few are placed for a function ; so that, unless one kneels on the pavement, there are only rather picturesquely-shaped benches, and often it is difficult during Mass to find vacant places. The people kneel at the altar-rails, and if there are none, on the steps, and almost on the heels of the priest.

Our last bit of sight-seeing has been the Bargello, a fine and remarkable old building—a prison and a palace in one. Some of the most terrible tragedies and events of Florentine history have taken place within its walls, or beneath its windows. There is the ancient torture-chamber, and the courtyard where the great nobles used to be beheaded. It is partly the fascination of its eventful history that makes this city and its monuments so full of interest ; one seems to be constantly reading the most thrilling (and often terrible) romance, as one traces out the legends of its stones.

We took a last drive yesterday outside the city, to the Tower of Galileo, and round by the platform beneath S. Miniato, which looks over Florence. It was the hour of the Ave Maria : all the church bells were ringing—a strange and sweet effect ; every tower and belfry sending out its call, and seeming to answer each

other. In the midst, the deep note of the Duomo, booming and floating on the air :

“As when the nuns sing in the choir,
And the deep bells toll among them
Like the chaunting of a friar.”

The individuality of every human soul is precious, and so to be regarded and studied ; because each one of us (save as we have marred ourselves by sin) is a thought of God : and may not the same be said of countries and peoples, differing as do the stars in glory, each with its own peculiar characteristics, gifts, and graces ? Each has a germ of beauty and perfection essentially its own, and designed in the counsels of God to move harmoniously in a perfect orbit. The thought may seem utopian ; but for a moment, as we contemplate this fair land and gifted nation in her past and present, we have a vision of Italy as she may have existed in the mind of her Creator.

To other countries and nations beauty has been apportioned in certain measure and degree ; but Italy lies steeped to the very lips in loveliness. Like the fabled siren of old, who lured the mariners from their course by the charm of her fair brow and sweet singing ; so, even in the present age, when the minds of

men are more than ever absorbed and swept away by the pursuit of material gain, her spell is yet all-potent to relax their hold on sordid and ignoble cares, and to keep them entranced for awhile, forgetful of all but her charms. Would that the beauty of the king's daughter were also from within, and that her art and nature alike were fulfilling their high mission by the power of faith, to purify and elevate the souls of men !

IV.

S I E N A.

IT was a lovely morning when we left Florence ; but a thunderstorm was gathering, and we steamed straight into it. The masses of black cloud piled over the mountains, and the lurid lightning darting to and fro, were grand indeed ; and soon the rain came down—tropical rain—in sheets ! Then hail ; such hail ! It realised one of the Egyptian plagues, for it is no exaggeration to say that some of the hailstones were the size of marbles. We caught them in the carriage, and could hardly believe our eyes. Soon the ground was white

with them. It cleared, however, just as we reached Siena, and we had a delightful view of this most picturesque old city. It is built on a great height, like most others about here, to be above the malaria ; and it looks down on the surrounding country, with a far-sweeping chain of purple mountains in the distance. A most delightful summer residence : and still inhabited by old Italian nobles, who never leave their ancient palaces, even to go to Florence. It is old and picturesque beyond description, and such a contrast to Florence ; for we found positively no trace of what is modern here. The city, and even the people (minus the article of piety), seems to have stepped out of mediæval history ; and, as far as the buildings go, there can be little difference from what it was in the days of S. Catherine. We went to see her house this morning ; it looks just like the surrounding ones, and cannot be a whit altered from the time when she dwelt in it, except that her room is turned into a chapel. But her sleeping-place is intact, with the stone on which she used to rest her head ; the staircase, the kitchen, etc., all the same. It is most devotional and interesting. Close by is the large

Church of S. Dominic, where most of her ecstasies and visions took place. There are some very fine frescoes, relating to events in her life. Then, too, S. Bernardine makes this city holy ground, and in every church and public building his emblem, the I.H.S., surrounded by rays, is to be seen. He used to carry it with him, and hold it up when preaching.

Siena is quite an old-world city, bearing traces everywhere of that vivid faith and fervent piety which nurtured Saints, and of which there is so little in the world now. One looks at the wonderful incidents of saintly lives depicted in fresco and painting, and it requires no effort of faith to believe them. The principal Piazza, with its Bargello, is far more picturesque than anything in Florence ; and then, at every turn there are beautiful bits of old loggia, arch, or sculptured cornice, which delight the eye. The city itself, too, is built in a fashion which produces all sorts of quaint effects and charming peeps ; long narrow streets, so narrow that the corners of the massive palaces arch over, and exclude every ray of sunlight ; winding up and down, over hill and valley : then, at unexpected

moments, there is a break in the houses, and a long flight of marble steps ; or, again, a steep descent of pavement between the lofty buildings, and one catches a lovely glimpse of green plain and purple mountain in the distance ; or, it may be, a sudden opening into a piazza which lies far below. These effects and surprises are quite startling ; and, as for finding one's way, it is utterly impossible. Churches abound—some fine ones ; but the glory of all is the Duomo, said to be unequalled in Italy. Glorious as it is, it seems almost inconceivable that this grand and beautiful church is but a fragment of what existed in the mind of him who designed it. It was, in fact, only to have been the transept.

This would seem an idle tale, but, alas ! the original walls remain of some parts, which were raised only to fall into ruin. A plague at that time almost depopulated the country, and money and labour alike failed to carry out the magnificent design. So only a portion remains, and forms the Duomo ; but that portion is so grand in design, so redundant in ornamentation, that its equal does not exist. The interior is all in black-and-white-striped marble, the latter having turned brown with age ; and

the effect is most solemn. Then, every detail is wrought out with the most elaborate ornament. The pulpit is a perfect marvel of carving in marble, and all the pavement is inlaid with designs in *chiaroscuro*, made out in marbles of different tints. The figures from sacred history are very fine; and this kind of work is peculiar to Siena. The Chapel of S. Catherine in the Dominican church is lovely, and covered with Sodoma's most devotional *frescoes*. Here, also, her head is preserved; and the lower part of the church, where most of her heavenly communications occurred, is walled off as specially holy. We went in: and I was much touched at a small slab let into the pavement, with a heart and a short inscription, saying that here she had received our Lord's Heart in exchange for her own. It assists one's faith very much to see all these things; and Siena is perfectly filled with memorials of these two Saints, S. Bernardine and S. Catherine. Would that its people were still impregnated with their atmosphere of sanctity; but I fear it is not so. There was only one person at Communion in the church to which I went this morning, the 1st of May; and I have not seen a flower or a

candle in honour of our Blessed Lady in any one of the churches ; they seem deserted. There was High Mass at the Duomo, but no congregation. The Sienese are a very different people from the Florentines—the men dark and sullen-looking ; many have vile expressions, as they slouch their hats over sombre brows, and wear the cloaks cast over the shoulder. The large, mild-eyed oxen are seen yoked to the carts, and there is a striking absence of trade and activity. The convents are almost entirely suppressed ; only two Dominican monks remain, and they are obliged to wear a secular dress. A shopkeeper, where we bought some photographs, began to extol Garibaldi and to laugh at a picture of S. Catherine ! We saw a *fresco* of Sodoma's to-day which quite haunts me ; it is of our Blessed Lord after the scourging, still bound to the pillar. I wish I could describe it, but words are inadequate ; it is the most wonderful idea of the Passion I ever saw—intense suffering and pathos, combined with Divine majesty. One feels sure that the painter must have prayed and wept before he painted it. In the midst of cruel suffering and humiliation there is a beauty about our Blessed Lord that gives one the idea of a vision !

V.

R O M E.

WE had a long journey from Siena, through a strange arid country with a volcanic appearance, and such an absence of dwellings that it might almost have been a desert. Only now and then we saw a lonely farmhouse, or a convent with a cluster of cypress spires, like sentinels. Near Rome, however, the mountains are beautiful, and the vegetation luxuriant. The first impression is a very painful one ; everywhere one is greeted by blocks of ugly new houses, suggestive of Hausmann and such like Paris abominations. But as you enter old Rome, there is not so much difference ; though every now and then there is a patch of new cloth in the old garment, that makes the old look more frail and decaying. Of course, the grand monuments of antiquity stand in their imperishable strength : and looking at them, and recalling the great empire of which they are fitting memorials, one realises most fully the divinity of the Church. A mighty people, with their rulers, raging, persecuting, trampling

down a little handful of Christians, and to-day behold the result ! Surely, we need not fear for the Church's future.

We went this afternoon for a drive in the Doria Pamfili Gardens, the loveliest drive near Rome. It was a glorious evening, and the view of Rome, as we looked down on it, was superb. But one might easily have thought oneself miles away from any city, in those depths of cool, thick verdure. The grass is studded with wild flowers ; ferns and mosses fringe the marble basins under the drip of the cascades, and the birds were singing the sweetest carols amongst the trees. The pellucid sky gives such a delicate clearness to every outline, and I could not help thinking of the background of Fra Angelico's picture of Paradise. Alas ! " All but the spirit of man was divine !" for, as we stopped the carriage to watch the rose flush of sunset mantle the Eternal City and the majestic dome of S. Peter's, there was a flash of red liveries, and Margarita dashed by. It gave us a strange revulsion of feeling.

We have only, as yet, paid a flying visit to S. Peter's. One loses a good deal of the *coup d'œil* by the part which is still shut off for the

Council ; but the impression it makes is of something almost divine. One feels so proud and yet so humbly grateful to be a Catholic. I wondered, as I stood by the shrine, with its ever-burning lamps, how it was possible for any thoughtful person to come to Rome, read the history contained in its ancient monuments, its catacombs, and finally S. Peter's, and still remain in doubt as to the divinity of the Church !

Driving back, we passed the Ghetto, or Jews' quarter, and the chapel where, once a year, they used to be obliged to hear Mass. Over the door of the chapel is a large Crucifixion in *fresco*, with the inscription, both in Hebrew and in Latin : " All the day long have I stretched forth My Hands to an unbelieving and contardicting people." Until the supremacy of the Piedmontese Government, no place of heretical worship was allowed within the walls. Alas ! now, in the very heart of Rome, is to be seen an impertinent little Gothic *façade* with a Latin inscription : " Anglican Episcopalian Church." The Wesleyan Chapel, also, is in full force, and the Italian sermons are attended by numbers ; but curiosity has much to say to this. We went yesterday to a func-

tion at Santa Croce, which did not impress me with devotion. It was in honour of the Relics, which were exposed, *i.e.*, out of sight ; while a number of fiddlers and singers performed elaborate music in a red-cloth tribune, high up. The music certainly was very good ; but it was difficult to believe oneself in church.

Yesterday we made the ascent of the Scala Santa, of course on our knees. This pious practice seems to have a very special grace attached to it, and is in the highest degree devotional. May the day return when crowds of pilgrims shall thus honour and accompany the footsteps of our Lord, who for them and for their salvation was dragged down those stairs of Pilate's house, and out upon the rocky way to Calvary.

We went in the afternoon to Vespers at S. Peter's ; they were very fine, and the tide of pilgrims which have poured into the city, and meet one everywhere, is most impressive. At S. Maria Maggiore, on Saturday, the sight was gratifying indeed to our faith and enthusiasm. The body of S. Pius V. was exposed in the Chapel of the Blessed Sacrament ; and there, close beside it, is the vacant place prepared by the Holy Father for his own tomb. There

was fine music going on ; and in the chapel many lights, and banks of the most beautiful natural flowers scenting the whole air. As the pious crowd streamed up and down the grand old basilica, all one's feelings of loyalty and devotion were stirred.

This morning we heard Mass in the room of S. Stanislaus, now converted into a chapel. His statue, which represents him recumbent on a couch, is a beautiful image of death. The habit is in black marble ; the body in pure white Carrara ; and the effect is so real that at first one is quite startled. The youthful Saint holds his crucifix in one hand, a picture of Our Lady in the other. The head is slightly turned to one side. “ He feedeth amongst the lilies ” are words irresistibly suggested by the ineffable sweetness, the virginal beauty of this image. We are not surprised to hear that the sculptor, a Calvinist, became converted while performing his task. We have done a good deal of sightseeing in the last few days—the Borghese and Corsini Palaces, and the Sistine Chapel, many churches, the statues in the Capitol, the Mamertine prison—where S. Peter and S. Paul were chained—and, yesterday, the Church of S. Cecilia, with the *calidarium*, or bath-

furnace, where the first part of her martyrdom took place, which is most interesting. Then we drove to San Paolo, Fuori le Mura, that large basilica outside Rome, which has been rebuilt in our time. It is on an enormous scale, and magnificent in every way ; in fact, I think it is more impressive than any other basilica except S. Peter's. I thought, as I wandered up and down its vast spaces of polished marble, through the double colonnade of massive pillars, with roofs and walls glowing in mosaic and richly-coloured marbles, that one might well fancy such a building in the Heavenly Jerusalem, and the saints and angels gliding over its polished pavements.

This morning we went to the Pincio. Just now, the gardens are in their full luxuriance ; the fountains were tossing up their silver spray amongst the palms and cypresses ; the chestnuts were in full bloom, and around nearly every tall tree were twined garlands of roses—white, yellow, and crimson—scenting the whole air. We had a meeting to-day, to receive our tickets for the audience at the Vatican to-morrow. Rome is in a ferment ; the excitement is very great—pilgrims running over each other everywhere.

Ascension Day.—The audience of the English pilgrims took place to-day at 7.30. A special Mass was said for them at S. Peter's, by Cardinal Howard. Most of them had assembled by the time we arrived, and the spectacle was touching and impressive. A space had been reserved at the High Altar, not the Papal one, which is under the baldachino. It was soon filled, and presently Cardinal Howard was seen moving slowly along in all the glory of his new scarlet. He is a noble-looking, stately man, worthy in appearance to represent England. The vesting took place before the altar. Then, and during Mass, six acolytes surrounded him, and seemed never to give him a minute's peace. I came to the conclusion that it must be a trying ceremony for a Cardinal to say Mass in public. He made his thanksgiving on a crimson faldstool before the altar ; an acolyte on each side holding a lighted taper. S. Peter's looked glorious in the early morning. At the other end, a High Mass was being celebrated ; so that the music came to us in faint waves of sound, conveying to the mind an idea of the vast size of the basilica, so as nothing else could have done.

The number of communions made our Mass

rather long ; when it was over, we went into the crypt, where Masses were going on. It is difficult to get there ; but our pilgrims' tickets admitted us everywhere, even to the Council Chamber ; and with sorrowful interest we gazed on its vacant seats. "How long, O Lord, how long!"

At noon, we were all assembled for the audience at the Vatican. For many of us, it was the first time in our lives ; a precious privilege, to be ever gratefully remembered. It was impossible to realise beforehand how deeply impressed one would be by the presence of the Holy Father. We had a long time to wait, and the large hall was crowded. At last, there was a murmur at the opposite door, the Cardinals then formed a circle round the Throne ; the Holy Father was carried in, and we all knelt. He is just like his pictures ; only, no portrait could give the saintly beauty of his expression ; and, though feeble in body, he is youthful in soul, and seems as full of vigour and spirit as if he were forty ! The address was read by the Bishop of Clifton, and he listened with great pleasure and attention, making little gestures of approval. When it was ended, some of the principal gentlemen, the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Denbigh, etc., went

up to kiss his hand, and say a few words. Then the names of a few of the principal ladies were called out by Cardinal Howard for presentation ; but the number was limited, as the Holy Father was becoming fatigued, and had to speak. It was a most beautiful speech, in Italian ; but given so slowly that every one could follow it and appreciate it. He was deeply moved in speaking, and when he concluded, stretching his arms wide, and saying that, as to-day our Blessed Lord ascending to Heaven blessed His Apostles, so he now blessed us, it was impossible to keep back tears. Every one near him was seized with emotion. I shall never forget that moment as long as I live, and must always thank God for having lived to see it. He gave us a blessing for all our families, and every indulgence and blessing for the rosaries, etc., which we had brought ; but he was not carried round the room, and could not walk, so that many, I fear, were sadly disappointed. He looks feeble, and yet seems full of a force that strikes one as quite miraculous ; and his voice, when he became excited in speaking, rang through the large hall like a trumpet-note. We felt so strongly, when seeing him, that God preserves him to

witness the triumph of the Church: Altogether, it was a day for history. How wonderful it is, and with what faith and confidence it inspires us, to see this day, in the Eternal City, those who have plotted, and fought, and raged against the Lord and His anointed, powerless to prevent the triumph of His Church ; and such a triumph ! For, when one looks at the Holy Father surrounded by his Court and his faithful children, one feels that his power and jurisdiction are indeed from God alone. The powers of darkness and the princes of the world may imprison, and spoil, and persecute ; but they have no power to touch the souls of the faithful. The Divine magnet is there, and its attraction is irresistible.

There was one circumstance only which has cast a shadow over us all. It was the absence of one who should have been foremost in the ranks of the deputation. When Cardinal Howard summoned by name the English ladies to kneel at the Holy Father's feet and receive his blessing, the first on the roll-call was missing. There was a moment's pause, and then from one to another passed sadly the news of Lady Lothian's sudden illness. Sudden it seems to us all ; for though, in reality, her

health has for some time past been so seriously undermined as to render her life a frail one, still her brave, loving spirit has always been so strong in upholding its fragile tenement, so joyous and unwearied in the midst of zealous labour, that these facts have been little remembered, and even her age forgotten by most of us. She is suffering from an attack of pleurisy, and her strength is so exhausted by her long, fatiguing journey and subsequent exertions, that grave apprehensions are entertained for the issue. This morning, though already suffering acutely, she was amongst us at S. Peter's. To-night our anxious prayers go up to Heaven for the preservation of this precious life.

May 12th.—We have not followed the programme of sights and functions marked out day by day for the pilgrims. Interesting and impressive as those experiences would be, they present a formidable amount of exertion, not to be undertaken without considerable risk at this time of year, when the climate of Rome becomes very trying to strangers. This morning, we had the privilege of another audience at the Vatican. It was nominally the Scottish deputation, but included many of the English pil-

grims ; and this time, a great number were presented to the Holy Father, and had the happiness of kissing his hand. Later in the day, we went to the Passionist Church. It is one of the few convents in Rome that have escaped the spoilers ; and the Superior is supposed to be a saint. In the church is shown the body of S. Paul of the Cross, which has been preserved in some way so wonderfully that it is hardly possible to believe he is not just dead. He lies in a glass shrine underneath a side altar ; and when the curtains are withdrawn, one can kneel quite close to look at him. Truly, it is impossible to do so without being moved to devotion. “Being dead, he yet speaketh.” Sanctity is written on every line of the delicate wasted features, and the expression is heavenly. I believe the body is embalmed in some way which has preserved the natural colour and appearance. At first, I could hardly believe that it was not wax ; only that wax could never give such a look. He lies in his habit, the face a little turned to you. As we were the only visitors to the church, the Father allowed us to remain as long as we liked. We afterwards went to the Lateran, for part of Vespers, and on to S. Clement’s.

This is the church where, of late years, they have made wonderful excavations, and found underneath the present church, which dates from about 1299, another church, which for some reason was filled up with earth, and so buried. Though the writings of the time refer to its existence, no trace has ever been discovered till now. It is a very wonderful relic of remote antiquity. The frescos on the wall are comparatively fresh, and the church must have been built on the house of S. Clement, who received baptism from the hand of S. Peter. The frescos, which are very primitive but expressive, contain the Assumption of Our Lady, the celebration of Mass, and other mysteries of our Faith which Protestants are so fond of declaring were unknown in early times. How they can see these things unmoved, I know not. Of course, we need no such proofs; but, nevertheless, they are very consoling: and when one descends from modern Rome to the Catacombs, and reads the history of the martyrs on the tombs which still bear the palm of victory inscribed, and the ampolla (or glass containing martyr's blood, which yet stains and encrusts its sides), one is cheered and filled with faith for the future triumph of the Church. The

Catacombs of S. Agnese still contain skeletons entire as they were found, and it is tempting to steal a bit of bone ; but I was told that excommunication is the penalty, which withheld me. The frescos here, also, are very touching : over and over again, the Good Shepherd with the lost sheep ; then, types of Baptism, Penance, the Holy Sacrifice, Our Lady in supplication, etc. Most interesting, also, was the school or place of instruction for the catechumens, with the Bishop's chair hewn in the rock.

We ended with a drive on the Pincio, where, in spite of the advanced season, a good number of fashionable idlers may still be found. At this hour, the panorama of Rome to be seen from its terraces is even more than usually attractive. There lies the Eternal City, encircled by her seven hills ; and the ruby flood of sunset, like the glow of wine in an antique goblet, sheds its fiery splendour over her classical slopes, her ancient temples and palaces. There is the circuit of that crumbling shell of imperial antiquity, which, like a dream within a dream, still raises its stately ruins amid the serene and solemn majesty of the Christian Faith. The force of modern contrast surround-

ing us, enhances the spell of its fascination. On the green, flowery height behind, a military band is giving forth the joyous cadence of Strauss waltzes, and from the carriages which are drawn up in ranks near the stone parapet of the terrace, comes a gay chatter of voices, English, French, Italian, with frequent admixture of Transatlantic tones. We turn away from them to watch the short-lived glory fade, and melt into dove-like hues and purple shadows ; while the silhouette of every dome and tower, every cypress and stone-pine, is sharply outlined on the amber clearness of the aërial background. The church bells send out a sweet clangour ; the screaming swallows circle over the dark roofs ; but our eyes grow dim to-night as they linger over the Eternal City, for there lies one dear to so many of us, whose precious life is even now passing away.

Sunday, May 13th.—This evening the sad, though not unexpected, news of Lady Lothian's death has spread sorrow and mourning on all sides. The loss is so great, so irreparable, that at first we can hardly realise how truly such a death is the highest grace and privilege with which her Divine Lord could crown a life generously devoted to His service. The time,

the place, the surroundings, would seem to have been disposed and appointed by the loving Providence of God, in Whose sight the death of His servant must have been very precious. Never did soldier in his country's defence press forward with greater courage and ardour than she has done in the cause of Christ's Vicar ; and, like a soldier stricken down on the field of battle, she lays down her life in sacrifice at the end of her pilgrimage. What moment more fitting could she have, had the choice been hers ?

In the Eternal City, with the Holy Father's blessing full upon her, while the echoes of the *Te Deum* at the Lateran still linger on the air, she breathes forth her holy soul in perfect peace ! Bishops and priests mingle with the group of loving relatives and friends who surround her death-bed, and join in the touching and solemn prayers of the Church for her departing children.

Through the open windows the church bells are pealing for the Feast of the Holy Father, and at the same moment the last prayers of the Triduum for her recovery are going up to Our Lady of Lourdes in the Church of La Vergine. May we not hope that our Blessed

Lady answered those petitions in another sense, by coming to claim her devoted child ?

Such are the thoughts that rise in our hearts, as we kneel to-night in the silent chamber where the tall tapers burn softly, and the white and crimson roses are wreathed and clustered about her. The peace of Christ is sealed on that still, sweet face, and we feel that it is good for us to be here. “Beati mortui qui in Domino moriuntur.”

Another precious life is now hanging in the balance, which may God in His mercy give back to our earnest prayers.

Whit-Monday, May 21st.—Days of sorrowful anxiety have intervened since my last letter; but now, by God’s mercy, all has been brought to a happy termination.

To-day (Whit-Monday) we went to S. Peter’s for Papal High Mass, which was celebrated by a Cardinal, and supposed to begin at 10 A.M. It was, however, long past that; and at 11.30 A.M. things had only got to the Offertory; we were obliged to leave for our audience at the Vatican, though it involved our missing the elevation. The music also was fine, and I was sorry to lose it. But it could not be helped; we had to go. We somewhat regretted

the exchange, when we found ourselves packed in a crowded hall, condemned to wait till nearly one o'clock. It was, properly speaking, the audience of the Roman ladies ; but the *Enfants de Marie* and many others got in. Round the throne a very small space was enclosed for the Duchess of Parma and a few great Romans ; the rest of the hall was filled with French, English, Italians, and Germans. You never heard such a Babel of tongues ! No seats were to be found ; but we got places at the top of the room, where we could see the Holy Father, which only a few could accomplish. Soon the crowd increased, and we were positively wedged in. I never felt anything so dreadful. You could not move a hand ; and when the Holy Father came in, it was quite impossible to kneel. Add to the discomfort, that the windows were hermetically closed ; and you have conditions that made one think of Purgatory. I hope never to breathe such an atmosphere again ; and to remain thus standing for nearly an hour and a half was a severe trial, with allone's loyalty and enthusiasm. Of course, there was no kissing his hand, except by a very few of the Romans who were beside him. Some presents were offered, an address

was read ; and then the Holy Father spoke with great force and emotion, comparing the offerings that were brought to him to those that were offered by the Magi at Bethlehem ; and he concluded by his benediction, which always seems to me to bring such a special grace. At that thrilling moment, I quite forgot all fatigue and discomfort. The audience ended, the crowd dispersed ; and as our tickets gave us a right to go through the rooms where the offerings are exposed, and to have a private view of them before the public are let in, most of us took advantage of the chance. It was a most beautiful and interesting sight. Room after room, or rather long galleries, with a sort of counters running along them, heaped with every kind of useful and costly offerings ; while behind were suspended church vestments of every material and kind, some quite gorgeous. A great deal of the church plate was very fine ; and there were pictures, statues, and ornaments, some very beautiful ; and in such quantities that it seemed as if they might supply the Catholic universe. It did, indeed, give one great joy to see such proofs of love and loyalty to the Holy See, which are appreciated by the Holy Father with unfeigned pleasure. Indeed,

those who arrange these various objects have had some trouble, because he comes every afternoon and turns everything over, to look at them. A great deal is not yet unpacked. England does not look very grand, but is fair enough. France seemed to me the richest.

In the afternoon we went to S. Peter's, for Vespers. We arrived in time for the hymn and *Magnificat*, which were very fine. It was as crowded as S. Peter's can ever be ; and people said it looked just like old times. Benediction was to be given from the Papal Altar, and we gradually worked our way up through the shifting crowd, till we got close beside it, just at the marble balustrade that encircles S. Peter's tomb, the best possible position for seeing and hearing. After Vespers, the altar was splendidly lit up, the Blessed Sacrament exposed, and the *Te Deum* sung. I wish it were possible to give you an idea of what it was like ; thrilling and overpowering, beyond words. The choir was very fine, and the silver notes of the trebles went quivering up till they were lost in the vast height of the dome. Each alternate verse was taken up by the immense congregation, every man, woman, and child joining, and the mass of voices rising

up in solemn triumph was indeed as “the sound of many waters.” There were no reserved seats, nor any tourists visible. So that only the faithful, rich and poor, thronged together and knelt around our Blessed Lord. It was, indeed, a soul-stirring moment. Above all, when the vast sea of heads bent low, and the Blessed Sacrament was lifted over them in Benediction, I never can forget it. Indeed, as Rome is now, such a function is almost unknown, the Papal Altar never being used. It was now past seven o’clock ; and through the grand doors the sea of people went pouring forth into the Piazza below, where the fountains were throwing up their shimmering spray, and the swallows went screaming and circling over the colonnades, and the last rose tints were fading out of the cool evening sky. The crowd was so great that, till we passed the Bridge of S. Angelo, the carriage had to go at a foot-pace, and was often at a standstill. Certainly there is a wonderful feeling about S. Peter’s ; it is home to the Catholic ; there is nothing else that expresses the feelings connected with it. Yesterday the assemblage was a wonderful mixture : you heard every language under the sun. There were cardinals, bishops, monsignori, priests of every

nation, monks, sisters of charity, great ladies, soldiers, peasants, beggars !

Yesterday we went to see the Villa Albani, just beyond the precincts of Rome. We had a stupid drive to it ; high walls on each side, which is always the case near Rome. It is so tiresome ; for one knows there is generally a beautiful view of the Campagna and mountains, which they completely shut out. The villa and grounds are perfect specimens of Italian architecture and gardening ; it is a sort of summer-palace, which the Torlonias have now bought, and use for entertainments. It stands out, white and radiant, amongst dark stone-pines and ilexes : a balustrade runs round the roof, whereon are statues lightly poised, high in the blue air. Below the terrace is a large Italian garden with fountains playing, and a wonderful pattern of flowers-beds traced out with coloured gravel ; not many flowers, but plenty of rose-trees in full bloom. It is encircled by close-clipped hedges of box, at least eight feet high ; these and cypress hedges intersect the gardens, and their dark background is broken by white marble statues and busts on tall pedestals. You never saw anything so quaint and formal. There is a *loggia* running

round the lower part of the villa, filled with very good ancient sculpture and busts ; and here and there a large marble basin filled with flowers, and little tables and crimson-covered chairs. Altogether, a charming refuge in the noonday sun. Upstairs, it made me think of the enchanted palace of the fairy tale. There was suite after suite of rooms and galleries, with marble floors and painted walls ; in each one, splendid chandeliers filled with wax lights, beautiful brocaded chairs and sofas, and almost always a table with two chairs, and two wax lights on it ; statues, ornaments, all uncovered, and just as if they were waiting for guests to come ! Some windows were open ; and one could see the green waste of the Campagna with the purple mountains in the distance. At last, we came to one state bedroom with the furniture and bed in buhl, and a gorgeous coverlet, but not a sign of life : though one quite expected to find the princess in her charmed century of sleep. No one ever lives there, on account of the unhealthy Campagna. It was quite pleasant to get out of these dream-like marble rooms, and find the fountains splashing, and the little green lizards darting about in the flower-beds.

Then we drove to S. Peter's, where the "Quarant' Ore" had begun. The Blessed Sacrament was exposed on the Papal Altar in a monstrance blazing with diamonds: and, as the windows were partially darkened, the effect of the glowing pyramid of light underneath that wonderful baldachino was superb; while in front, just below the altar, the starry crown of silver lamps, which encircles the shrine of S. Peter, burnt pale and soft. Worshippers were grouped all round, and we knelt down amongst them. Vespers were being sung, with beautiful music, in a side chapel; but, in the distance, one only heard them like a plaintive wail. I could have knelt there for hours: "The Lord is in His holy place, let the whole earth keep silence before Him." The vast space and height, the colossal arches and pilasters, the shadowy depths, beyond where the eye could penetrate, seemed to refresh and rest the spirit by their calm magnitude—"the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." It was an hour of inward growth; and I don't think Byron failed when he said of this magnificent and solemn shrine:

"Thy mind itself, expanded by the spot,
Has grown colossal."

If this was *his* impression, what must it be to a Catholic, kneeling before Him to Whom this wonderful temple is dedicated ?

This morning we went to look at the Vatican pictures. They are few in number, but precious and far-famed. I stood a long time before the "Transfiguration," trying to like it—admire it, one always must. Certainly, the figure and face of our Blessed Lord are full of divine majesty and beauty ; but, as a composition, I fail to appreciate it. I think I liked Raphael's "Madonna di Foligno" best of all. You know the composition : the Madonna and the Divine Infant above, saints below, and a little angel holding a tablet between them. The beauty of that angel is quite heavenly, and the whole picture seems like a vision.

One of the things in Rome I have enjoyed most has been the ancient sculpture. Besides the marvellous beauty of the celebrated statues, the antique busts are most fascinating. They are so full of life and character, that when looking at them one seems to find oneself amongst the ancient Romans. It is wonderful how these men, and women, and children of bygone centuries look, and almost speak to one,

out of the marble. When we left the galleries we went out on one of the balconies, and, looking down, we perceived men on ladders, engaged in the barbarous work of stripping and rooting out the luxuriant growth of maiden-hair fern, which had clothed and ornamented the old walls for ages. Did you ever know anything so ruthless? I carried away a perfect sheaf of the delicate fronds.

VI.

P E R U G I A.

WE left Rome on Friday. It was a long journey, for we had to leave our hotel at half-past eight in the morning. We passed through some interesting and beautiful country on our way hither; first, the green desolate waste of the Campagna, void of all human habitation for many miles. Here and there are cultivated parts; but mostly it is rank grass, and there is something unspeakably solemn and mournful about this green desert, with its grand boundary of purple mountains. It is a fit surrounding for the “lone mother of dead

Empires." About Trevi the scenery is beautiful, with torrent-streams and cascades rushing through the most picturesque mountain gorges. We passed from one heavy thunder-shower to another, and these somewhat marred the view; but in the midst of rain and mist the mountains loomed vast and ghost-like. It cleared as we got near Perugia, and we had a charming glimpse of Assisi as we rushed by. About here the scenery is too lovely; besides the most luxuriant vegetation, there were exquisite wild flowers, and all the banks were purple with fragrant wild thyme.

From the station to the town the road winds up a green hill, which is crowned by battlements as well as churches: for Perugia was a fortified stronghold—part of the ancient Roman walls and gates remain. Some one has called it the "Empress of Italian hill-set cities," and indeed it commands a view worthy of an imperial throne to look down upon. From its hill-plateau, looking southward, there is the most splendid panorama of undulating champagne country that can be imagined, bounded by the mighty ranges of the Apennines, rising one above the other in their majestic purple curves, far as the eye can

reach. Their billowy summits mingle with the clouds, which were lying low yesterday, and casting tender floating shadows over the land ; the colouring, too, is bright and varied, and the clear, fine atmosphere renders every delicate tint and shade that fancy can convey to you. Spoleto, Assisi, and many other towns are plainly visible on the mountain slopes. Our hotel is just outside the town, and in spite of thunder-showers, I strolled out before dinner, and was quite delighted with its quaint irregular beauty. Every kind of architecture is here intermingled—Roman, Etruscan, Mediæval. The streets are, many of them, steep ascents, winding and narrow, and, as at Siena, abounding in all sorts of picturesque bits and corners that would enchant an artist ; while, every here and there, through a break in the walls or some old arch or gateway, one has the glimpse of a green vista and purple hill-side far below.

This morning was the Saturday's market, and the old piazza, with its grand palace *façades*, and a bronze Pope—Julius III.—giving his blessing, was thronged by a noisy vociferating crowd. The carts were drawn by mules with bells. There were herds of oxen

and goats, fruit-sellers under bright-coloured umbrellas, and all the effect of picturesque grouping and tinting which is only to be found in an Italian town. All this display hardly seemed incongruous with the antique buildings which form its setting. The cathedral has little beauty, but some rugged grandeur in its brown exterior. Inside, the ornamentation is modern, with a great deal of gaudy colouring. There are one or two interesting churches ; and in the Pinoteca, which is a large disused church, is a very fine collection of old pictures, mostly taken from the churches. Some of Perugino's best are here ; and there is one of the baptism of Christ, which sets one praying. Its devotional beauty is past words to describe ; the figure, the face, the attitude, and expression of our Blessed Lord are a meditation in themselves ; and the adoring reverence of S. John, as he lifts his hands to pour the water over his Divine Master's brow, brings tears to the eyes. It so completely expresses : "I have need to be baptised by Thee ; and dost Thou come to me ?"

To-morrow we are going to Assisi for a few hours. Unfortunately, the trains do not answer conveniently, so we shall have but a

short time ; but we could not bear to be so near the home of S. Francis and not visit it.

This morning, at half-past 10 A.M., we started for Assisi. The weather was glorious ; and, as we passed through the old Roman arch, the most enchanting view met our eyes. It is almost impossible to describe the delicate and varied colouring of this fertile Umbrian plain. Vine, mulberry, and fig-trees in their tender spring green, fields of maize and corn, with scarlet poppies, and this alternating with the cloudy grey olive slopes, and here and there the silver flash of a coiling river ; and all girt round by the deep blue billowy swell of the mountains, with snow-tipped crests in the distance, Italian sunshine over all, and such skies !

“ Intense as angels’ garments blanch’d with God,
Less blue than radiant.”

Little wonder is it that in this limpid clearness and ethereal distance, Perugino saw the pure outlines and rainbow tints of his tripping angels ! Here, in his own land and clime, one appreciates best his pictures. When the train had started I could think of nothing but S. Francis ; and, indeed, it is easier to realise

devoutly the history and legends of the Saints in the country where they dwelt, than at the great shrines dedicated to them in cities ; for there, too often, the hand of the spoiler has laid its desecrating touch. And even if this is not so, there is generally a painful contrast between the fervour and piety which in past ages raised these shrines and gathered round them, and that which exists in the present. One feels too sadly as if the candlestick had been removed. But in the country no such jarring influence makes itself felt. True, the railway rushes along, emblem of an age of material progress and spiritual retrogression ; but the face of nature is little changed. The vineyards and orchards, the corn-fields and hedge-rows of rose and acacia, whose white tassels perfume the air, are much the same as when the eyes of S. Francis, S. Clare, and their holy companions rested on them. All around are the everlasting hills, in their listening silence ; and a solemn thrill goes through the heart at the thought of S. Francis wandering amongst their hoary olive slopes, with the fire of Divine love burning in his heart, and the bleeding wounds of the stigmata in his hands and feet. Wonderful, awful privilege of nearness and

likeness to his Divine Lord, to Francis alone given among the *sons* of men ; as if to show that not the more imperious and devout sex alone could attain to such heights of compassionate love.

THE CHAPEL OF THE PORTIUNCULA.— Leaving the station, we first went to Santa Maria degli Angeli, the most interesting of the shrines. It is a very large, fine church, without much beauty ; but on entering you see, set down in the midst of the bare interior, the little chapel of the Portiuncula, which is actually the house where S. Francis' first seven disciples collected round him and dwelt ; though one is puzzled to think how they had room to lie down. Here he had the first vision of his Order, and from that door he sent forth the brethren to preach. It was also in this little dwelling that he received S. Clare, who fled from her noble kindred to embrace the religious state. Here with his own hands he cut off her flowing hair, and replaced her rich garments by the rough, coarse habit of poverty and penance. The outside of the little chapel is rich with colouring, but the interior remains intact, and black with age ; so that I could kiss the very walls that sheltered the Saint.

They are almost covered with silver votive offerings, and lighted by hanging lamps. There is another small chapel in the choir, built by S. Bonaventure, over the cell in which S. Francis lived, and where he died, which also fills one with devotion. The Saint's heart is preserved here, and there is a very beautiful and expressive terra-cotta figure from the mask which was taken from his dead face. One feels convinced it is a true likeness of him. There is a wooden plank in the sacristy which formed part of his bed, with his portrait painted on it. Out of the sacristy you pass into a little courtyard with a railed space, which is filled with rose-bushes. Here S. Francis rolled his naked body upon thorns, and they were transformed into thornless roses, which come up every year with blood-stains on their green leaves ; they gave us some. It is very touching and wonderful. Close by is the Capella delle Rose, also built by S. Bonaventure over the cave of his great father's solitary penance ; and here you can see part of his wooden pulpit. There are also beautiful frescoes of his life. Outside the convent is the green space, preserved intact and undesecrated, where S. Francis and S. Clare sat down to

dine together, with their holy companions around, when they became so absorbed in contemplation—S. Francis speaking so wonderfully of the love of God—that their hearts were set on fire, and people at a distance saw the woods and the convent, as it were in flames, and, coming in haste to see the cause, found it to be miraculous. Standing on the spot, it seems as real as if it only happened yesterday ; and one feels it is only this cold and faithless age that prevents such consolations being granted to the Church to-day.

Then we drove up the steep winding road that leads to Assisi, which seems to clamber, and cling, and grow out of the very mountain-side. The great Convent of S. Francesco is the first object that strikes one ; it is most curiously built, the site on which it stands being a steep slope. It has been fitted on to it by a foundation of graduated arches, resembling an aqueduct. On these stands the immense convent, with its double church, one being built over the other. Indeed, there is a third below, being a kind of crypt, wherein was found the old tomb of S. Francis, hewn out of a rock. Now it is enclosed in a grand shrine of sixteen pillars of jasper and marble. The

crypt itself is in the form of a Greek cross. The tomb of S. Francis is comparatively modern, dating from 1818 ; but the two churches above were begun two years after his death, and are very beautiful and interesting. They are adorned with splendid frescoes by Giotto, Cimabue, and other early artists, too many of them, alas ! faded and perishing. The effect of these two churches, one above the other, and again the crypt below, is most curious. The second, or lower, is very solemn and rich in colour ; the upper one a beautiful Gothic building. The convent has grown all around the churches : and its cloisters, opening and looking down on the fertile, undulating country, and the mountain ranges beyond, must have formed a delightful walk for the large community of friars. Alas ! only eight remain, and these are forbidden to wear their habit, and only allowed to act as chaplains to the church. They have been most cruelly suppressed by the Government ; and there are now none of the beautiful functions which used to attract crowds to the shrine. It is painful, indeed, to witness this ; the convent is turned into a college or boys' school, and in the vast refectory with its cenaculum, where the friars used

to dine, a set of noisy urchins were hooting about. I turned away with a sad heart.

The conventional Church of S. Clare was the third visit we accomplished. Here her body is preserved ; you descend steps into a kind of crypt, and as you stand in the dark, a nun, behind a grille, draws aside a curtain, and you see first the head or skull of S. Clare's sister, Agnese ; and then, on the other side, clad in her religious habit, in a handsome glass shrine, the body of the Saint—“*Clara nomine, vita clarior, clarissima moribus.*” The body seems to be in wonderful preservation, but is quite black. A reliquary is also shown, containing her hair, and that of S. Francis, together with his Breviary.

The nuns here are in great poverty, and grateful for the smallest alms. Assisi looks very deserted ; the streets are steep and narrow, but one looks at them with deep interest, with the thought of S. Francis begging from door to door for the shrine of Our Lady. At every turn we are reminded of different touching and devotional incidents in his life ; so that as we pass along, the music of some sweet hymn seems ever ringing in our ears. We had not time to visit the Hermitage of S.

Francis in the mountains, nor S. Clare's first convent, where the dormitory remains intact, and the refectory where she multiplied bread. These interesting places are at some little distance, and trains are inexorable ; so we had to turn from them all, and down the winding road which S. Francis so often trod we went, meeting by the way a drove of little black pigs, which made me think of dear S. Antony. The sun was broiling, and we got back to Perugia, very tired.

This afternoon we went for a lovely drive, and obtained permission to walk in the garden of an absent proprietor. Such a strange garden, to English ideas ; an uncultivated thicket, in most parts the flowers growing almost wild, with beautiful roses and creepers straggling about. But near the house was an orange and lemon garden, the trees laden with fruit, and looking so tempting. A fountain played in the midst, and there we sat and rested, while the gardener cut us two bouquets of delicious flowers.

VII.

V E N I C E.

WE spent the Feast of Corpus Christi at Florence ; but we had not a very delightful festa : the heat made all exertion, even spiritual, very trying. We went to an early Mass at the Jesuits', and at 11 A.M. we drove to the Duomo. High Mass was just ending, and we caught a glimpse of the procession. All the confraternities made it very picturesque, but there was nothing further remarkable. We drove on to the Annunziata for High Mass, and from thence looked in at S. Maria Novella, where there was Exposition, and Mass just ending. It must have been very fine ; the Dominicans do everything well in this church. In the afternoon we heard Vespers at the Duomo ; there was Exposition, of course, and the Seminary of Priests made the procession very numerous. It was a beautiful sight, as they filed round the vast, sombre church ; and the devotion of the people was very edifying. But the music was not good ; the people twanged the Gregorians through their noses, the crowd pressed

upon one, and I found it very difficult to say my prayers. We took a drive afterwards in the lovely Cascine, where we found the *monde élégant* parading their Sunday finery, and, as usual, leaving our Blessed Lord to be surrounded only by the poor and lowly, as it was in the days of His life on earth.

This is, in truth, the farewell to our experiences proper ; for every step of our journey northward will now bring us out of the spirit and traditions of the sunny land. Venice, to which we tend, is almost looked down upon by the bleak Styrian ranges. But we cannot pass away from the neighbourhood of “the burnish'd sun, to which she is a kinsman, and near bred,” without one Parthian glance backward on Italy's fair mountains and plains, her cities, her art and architecture, and the joyous, imPRESSible people they have tended to create.

Next morning, we had an early start. The luggage was carried off before 7 A.M., and after a hasty breakfast we followed, and took the Turin express as far as Bologna. Fortunately for our comfort, in one way, the morning was dull and misty ; but it marred the beauty of the lovely Tuscan landscape, which here is un-

rivalled for its luxuriant beauty : a perfect Arcadian picture ! The figs and vines are now in their full foliage, and the latter are festooned from tree to tree in thick garlands, which must be perfect when they are heavy with the grape-clusters. All the farms and dwellings have a well-to-do *riant* aspect, and the meek white oxen drawing the carts make a charming feature in the scene. We reached Pistoja at 8.45 A.M., and from that time till twelve o'clock, when we arrived at Bologna, we passed through forty tunnels ! We had only brief, though exquisite, glimpses of the Apennine gorges through which we were passing ; but those glimpses were beautiful indeed. The steep sides of the mountains were clothed with tender fresh green, the chestnut woods in full luxuriance ; thickets of white acacia made all the air a perfume, and wild flowers studded the fields in patches of turquoise and rose-colour. The banks on each side were a perfect blaze of Spanish broom. Through the narrow passes and wild ravines, the little torrent streams went rushing : and we had leisure to see all this perfectly ; for owing to the numerous tunnels, the train went very slowly. As we came to the other side of the mountains, the cultivation and luxuriance

diminished. At Bologna we had a halt of forty minutes, and changed trains for the Venice and Trieste express. Comfort was now at an end ; the sun came out, and the heat of the carriage was dreadful. We passed into the plains of Lombardy, richly cultivated, but flat and uninteresting. I cannot tell you how I missed the mountains, which were now quite left behind ; since our outward journey through Cannes they had been with us in every different aspect, and as they passed away it was like the cessation of soul-stirring music. Ferrara looked desolate and dreary, in marshy plains. Then came Padua *la Dotta*, after which, all one's thoughts strained across the level land towards Venice. After Mestre, which used to be the place of embarkation, we had a first sight of her towers rising from the distant sea, "as at the stroke of an enchanter's wand." Soon the salt breeze made itself delightfully felt ; then we passed along the edge of shallow lagoons, thick with sea-weed ; but still it was always *terra firma* till the train glided into the railway station, and, emerging on the other side, we found the water lapping its steps.

A row of gondolas was drawn up, to convey us to our destinations ; the gondoliers shouting

and squabbling as only gondoliers can ; the iron prows butting each other in such confusion, that the wonder always is, how one goes safely along. We were soon stowed into one. It began to rain. Then the sun came out and made a rainbow : so our first sight of the lovely Water City was in a sort of opal-tinted light, which was very favourable to her fading splendour. Through the narrow Callé (canals), which form, as it were, the back streets, we glided along under low bridges, and between the tall houses, whose massive cornices almost meet overhead. At last, we shot out of these narrow water-lanes, and emerged upon the Grand Canal, the smooth water highway of this wonderful city. Soon we stopped at one of the grand old palaces, which now forms an hotel. We have delightful rooms, with a large marble balcony, where striped awnings are thrown out over the old pillars ; and we can sit in pleasant shade, and drink in all the beauty of Venice, even when not actually sightseeing.

It is difficult to give you any idea of my first impressions of wonder and delight. Goethe has said truly, that Venice is unlike everything but itself. Then, as to description, that has

been so often and so ably given, that one's own words sound flat and inexpressive. Ruskin's "Stones of Venice" affords the most graphic and delightful idea that words are able to convey ; and photographs and pictures have made every one familiar with the principal scenes and features of this quaint, semi-barbaric, and most beautiful Queen of the Adriatic. I went this morning in a gondola to Mass at S. Mark's. When I landed in the celebrated piazza, and stood in front of that unique and unrivalled church, it is impossible to tell you of my delighted wonder. Do you remember Ruskin's description ? I used to think no earthly building could come up to what he there portrays ; but it is faithful and perfect, as far as words can draw and paint it. I think that the first idea this marvellous building conveys to one's vision, is analogous to a magnificent burst of music falling on the ear ; rich and varied, and redundant in ornamentation ; fantastic and almost barbaric in its splendour. One may truly say, as the prophet said of the New Jerusalem, that her foundations are laid in precious stones. It is one full, harmonious chord of colour ; from the worn, uneven pavement, inlaid with different patterns of peacock-

hued mosaic, to the extreme height of the dome, there is jewel-tinting and burnished gleaming everywhere. The roof, the vaulted porches, the dome, and the upper part of the walls, are covered with mosaics on golden grounds. Salviati's well-known mosaics will enable you to understand the effect. The walls and pillars are of many-tinted marbles and alabaster ; silver lamps are hanging in the rich gloom of side-chapels and recesses, and whithersoever the eye turns it falls upon "something rich and strange." It is not so large and lofty as I expected; but, as Ruskin says, it seems caverned out of a rock, and its golden sheeting of mosaic is splendid. I had not time to take in many of the details ; in fact, it would require days to do so, and at first one is dazzled and bewildered. The exterior is really like a fairy vision ; never before or since did the mind of man conceive such a gorgeous, fantastic temple. The jewelled colouring of the mosaics, the many-tinted marbles, with their delicate and beautiful cutting ; and, finally, the crests of the arches, which "seem in ecstasy to break into marble foam above the famous bronze horses." All is strange, and rich, and fascinating ; so that I believe, to a certain extent, one's eye becomes spoiled

for all other beauty of a more regular and conventional type. At any rate, I am glad I have seen Florence before Venice ; it would never have seemed the same after it.

In the afternoon, we made a general tour in a gondola. It was delightful, in spite of a *sirocco* which made us feel very languid. We visited the Rialto, the Bridge of Sighs, the famous Piombi—those fatal dungeons which recall the dark background of Venetian history—and glided smoothly over the green waters of the Grand Canal, between the beautiful Renaissance and Gothic palaces. It is sad to see their faded colouring and decaying marbles ; but, in spite of all, there is a beauty about Venice, even in her sere and yellow leaf, which outshines almost every other work of man's hand. Rome is the one exception ; but Rome is the City of all ages, and all hearts.

Here and there, between lofty palace walls, which press together, jealous of every inch of space, comes an outbreak of green foliage, clustering and falling over, till it reaches the rippling waters. There are sweet, verdant bits of garden in the narrow courts, and on every window-ledge, or possible resting-place, pots of flowers, creepers, or twisting vine. Fig leaves

also climb up, and make their appearance in every unexpected spot. We went to some churches, but I could look at nothing after S. Mark's. S. Maria della Salute is just opposite to our windows, on the other side of the canal; it has a beautiful exterior, and is a very pleasant object to meet one's eye.

We went this morning to an early Mass at a beautiful little church near the hotel. As it was the Festa of the Holy Father, a general Communion was advertised in the churches, and it was such a pretty sight. Not only was Communion given at the High Altar, but at kneeling benches which were placed in double rows the length of the nave, covered with white cloths, and decorated by lighted tapers and lanterns. When the first row at the altar had been communicated, the priests and acolytes walked down between them. The women looked so nice and modest in their black veils, which is the invariable coiffure. There was music during the Mass, and little memorial pictures were given to each communicant. We went to High Mass at S. Mark's, and thereby saw this most picturesque of churches to the greatest possible advantage. It was filled with a devout congregation, who were ranged in rows on each

side of the nave, as I before described. All the festival ornaments, lanterns, etc., were brought out, and there were myriads of tall white tapers and silver hanging lamps, which made a soft starlight everywhere ; while the sunbeams, glinting through the deep apertures which light the domes, illuminated all the rich blazonry of colour on roof and walls, and stole tenderly over the alabaster pillars, with their capitals of exquisitely interwoven tracery. Hardly a spot is there, where sunbeam or lamplight can fall, without revealing something strange or beautiful. Angels, saints, dragons, beasts, birds, fruit, and flowers are all mingled together in a maze of grotesque or pious imagery ; and the eye wanders hither and thither in restless delight. High Mass ended with the *Te Deum*, every voice joining in its solemn triumph ; and then we came out on the sunlit piazza, with S. Mark's lion lifting his bronze wings against the blue sky, and all the windows hung with scarlet and purple cloth. The people, in their holiday dresses, were strolling up and down the colonnades ; a military band was playing loudly, and round our feet and overhead the traditional pigeons of S. Mark's were flapping and cooing in flocks. It was

their feeding time, and you never saw such a charming sight as the pretty creatures with their iridescent plumage, fluttering tamely amongst the crowd. They are protected from all harm, and are quite fearless.

In the afternoon, we went out in a gondola to the Island of S. Elena—a lovely green island, with a now desecrated monastery. The walls remain ; but it has served as a villa, and now seems likely to become a ruin. Over an old door we saw the inscription that all women passing it were excommunicated ! It is a sweet but melancholy spot, the garden all green and wild, with roses and jessamine falling in tangled clusters, but no trace of cultivation. As the gondola left its banks, we had the most glorious view you can conceive. Behind us rose the domes and *campanili* of the Water City ; but far away to the right, across the burnished mirror of the sea, and girding the whole horizon by a lofty amethystine ridge, were the Alps, their mighty snow-peaks shining in majestic purity as the evening sunlight fell upon them. Not a cloud in the deep Italian sky ; not a ripple on the sea ; no sound but the Vesper bells, which from shore to shore were calling to each other in measured cadence

—it was an hour for dreamland ! And then we swept away with the gondolier's strong swift strokes, and passing Santa Maria della Salute, we re-entered the Grand Canal between the sad beauty of the decaying palaces, passed under the bow-like curve of the Rialto, and found our way through the side canals to the church of a poor and pious parish priest, who had resolved to defy the tyranny of the Government by having the procession of the Blessed Sacrament outside. We were too late to see it in all its beauty ; for they were re-entering the church, and we hurried in to find places, which we did comfortably close to the altar. But the sight outside was most devotional ; the sides of the Callé, the narrow bridges, and a crowd of gondolas, all were thronged with people, who knelt in reverent devotion as the procession passed. Inside the church, we found the altar a blaze of lights, banners, and flowers ; and all along the benches that lined the nave stood tall wax tapers and lighted torches. Between them the procession streamed in, the crowd following, with a loud band playing the most lively music ! Such a curious, bright-coloured, quaint procession ; first, men in crimson silk doublets, the numerous confrater-

nities, white and red, with the hooded mask, which conceals their faces and has a ghostly appearance ; gondoliers, too, and sailors, each holding an enormous wax taper or flambeau wreathed with flowers. Then came some little children in a sort of fleecy attire, which left their round rosy limbs bare ; each one holding a flower-wreathed cross and a lamb in a string, its white shorn fleece dotted all over with tiny loops of blue and pink ribbon. I don't know which looked most innocent, the lambs or the babies ; for they were too young even for childish vanity, and one little cherub was toddling in such a tired way that its father caught it up as they reached the altar, and knelt down with it, his muscular arms and hands bronzed to deep brown, clasping the little soft child's limbs in touching contrast. Then came the acolytes and priests, and under a gorgeous canopy was borne the Blessed Sacrament, and, as it was placed upon the altar, the organ pealed out, the band clashed and clanged, the people rose up and sang, and the *Te Deum* sounded like one voice. It was a most soul-stirring sight, the faith and devotion of the people unmistakable ; and when the *Te Deum* ended, a priest rose in the pulpit, and poured

out with Italian gestures some grateful, vehement praise of the faith and devotion manifested by all, and thanked those who had sent lights and flowers. Some very hearty cantiques and litanies followed ; then Benediction, the people prostrate on the pavement : and immediately after the Divine praises the band struck up a lively valse. We waited till the large church had nearly emptied itself, and came out as the gleams of twilight were dying away. The Venetian night, with its peculiar charm, was soon around us, the black gondolas with their little coloured lamps darting about like fireflies, and along the Grand Canal many of the palaces were illuminated (in honour, alas ! of the Government), and their reflection made the water highway all alight. We did not get home till nine o'clock.

We went to-day to see the Accademia, with its magnificent collection of Venetian masters, Titian, Paul Veronese, etc., who seemed to have dipped their brushes in the golden sunbeams, so intense are the glow and radiance of their immense pictures. The collection is large, and most of the works very fine ; but I felt despairing at having only about two hours to devote, where a week would not be long

enough ; the more so that Tintoretto's pictures, for which Venice is famed, require the education of training and familiarity before they are understood or appreciated ; and I confess to not having arrived at being able to do so. The famous Assumption by Titian is here ; a wonderful conception, both in power and colouring ; but, after one has been for some time studying and admiring the works of the early masters, it is very difficult to reconcile oneself to the more human and sensuous manner of treating devotional subjects. These pictures, with all their undeniable beauty, never inspire to devotion, or thrill to reverence ; whereas the others, often inferior in drawing and mere art-knowledge, return to the mind's eye again and again, in moments of recollection and prayer. We also went to see the Doge's Palace ; no slight undertaking in the heat ! for it is very large, and the interior well worth a long examination. Those vast, stately halls where the Doges of old used to receive the Ambassadors, and hold their celebrated councils, are most interesting. One sees the grand staircase, at the top of which the Doges used to be crowned, and where tradition places the execution of Marino Faliero. The ceilings are perfect marvels of the most

splendid decorative colour and gilded carving, and the walls are covered with paintings of Tintoretto or Paul Veronese, mostly representing scenes from Venetian history. One subject, represented over and over again, strikes one especially—the Doges kneeling in prayer or thanksgiving, generally before our Blessed Lady. Some one has correctly suggested that the idea in this was : “ Non nobis, Domine, non nobis, sed Nomini tuo da gloriam,” an inscription which I saw the other day on the walls of one of the grand old palaces. It affords a key-note to the stability and power of their government ; and it is most interesting to trace the Divine influence of the Church in the early history of this great republic, and to see how in faith and in piety its strength was established. It is likewise sadly true that its decadence may be traced to the opposite causes. It is remarkable how Ruskin, though not a Catholic, in his great work on Venice, has borne testimony to this fact. These early Fathers of Venice, in their struggles and needs, looked to God for help ; and in the hour of prosperity and triumph they gave to Him the glory. Above the pictures on the walls are portraits of all the Doges ; that which should have been the place of Marino

Faliero has a black cloth painted with the inscription that he died for crime (*i.e.*, supposed treason). I tried hard to understand and admire Tintoretto's Paradise, which is one of the great pictures in the palace, but did not quite succeed ; though, I think, with time and patience, one might arrive at doing so, *in a way*. We did not cross the "Bridge of Sighs," which connects the palace with the prison on the other side of the canal ; and therefore did not visit the famous dungeons, with their fatal water-gate. We could take their horrors for granted, and wanted our time for pleasanter sight-seeing. So we went to the fine old Church of San Giovanni e Paolo, where the Doges used to be laid in state, and where are many of their monuments. It gives a noble idea of them to look at their marble effigies, which are, for the most part, faithful likenesses as well as fine sculpture.

In the afternoon, we went out and took a lazy tour in a gondola ; we went beyond Venice, in the direction of Mestre, and watched the sun setting in a glow of purple and crimson. It was reflected on the smooth waters of the broad lagoon in a quivering, crystalline glory ; a little farther on the horizon, the outlines of

the Euganean Mountains were darkly pencilled on the clear evening sky. It was indeed a scene for a painter. After this we rowed back, and went to Benediction at one of the numerous churches that were calling to us over the still lagoons.

VIII.

P A D U A.

THIS morning we spent nearly an hour in a farewell visit to S. Mark's, and soon afterwards started in a gondola for the railway, and took the 12.30 P.M. train for Padua. I was not sorry at last to leave Venice ; for the heat was increasing, and the canals smelt so disagreeably. We reached Padua a little after two P.M., and, when we had had a little rest, started *en voiture* to see what we could in a short time. It is a curious old university town, and looks rather deserted ; all the streets are built with arcades, and there are charming little bits of green in the numerous courts and piazzas. First we went to see the Capella di Giotto, a disused chapel, covered with his

frescoes. They have been very much praised ; and, though some are faded and damaged, are good specimens of his art. All the early life of our Blessed Lady, from her birth, is portrayed in a very quaint but devotional manner. From thence we drove to the great attraction of Padua, the immense Church of S. Antonio. He is to Padua what S. Francis is to Assisi ; and here is preserved his body. Externally, the church resembles a mosque ; it is an enormous square mass, with a crowd of domes and minarets. Like S. Francesco, it was begun directly after the Saint's death, and in his honour. The interior is most remarkable, both for its vast size, and magnificent chapels, ornaments, pictures, altars, hanging lamps, etc. The shrine is especially beautiful ; there the silver lamps burn perpetually, and the altar beneath, where his body reposes, and, indeed, the whole chapel, is decorated in the most costly and beautiful manner. After dinner, we visited the Duomo and its baptistery, which is coloured with splendid frescoes ; then went on to see the Church of S. Giustiniani, which is almost as vast as S. Antonio. We also visited the little chapel which encloses the rude brick cell where S. Antony died. He

was brought here in the cart of a poor peasant, from Campo S. Pietro, about eighteen miles distant, where he had been preaching a mission ; and, as he lay dying, recited his favourite hymn to Our Lady, “O gloriosa Domina.” The rough walls of the interior are intact, as at Assisi ; and one could kneel on the very spot where he yielded up his pure soul to God, singing Our Lady’s praises. I was so glad to be there ; and, indeed, these old shrines make one realise so vividly the history of the Saints, and greatly help devotion. We returned to S. Antonio, where a Novena was going on in honour of the Saint’s festa ; but we were too late for Benediction ; the crowd was pouring out, but we pushed our way in, and knelt down in the vast dimly-lighted church. After wandering round it for a while, we went into the cloisters, which are large and fine, surrounding a green court. A chapter-house opens out of them ; but, alas ! they are deserted. It is the old, sad story—all the monks are turned out ; their grand old church, and monastery, and shrine taken from them. These are the mournful sights that meet one in every Italian town.

IX.

M I L A N.

June 8th.—We arrived here last evening, after a fatiguing journey from Padua. It is quite impossible that we should remain more than a day or two ; the heat is increasing every hour, and the travelling becomes most trying. Yesterday, it is no exaggeration to say, that the carriages were as hot as the calidarium of a Turkish bath ; they get baked through, and the dust is beyond belief. It is choking ; and everything one wears has to be brushed and beaten like a carpet.

The express from Venice to Turin, by which we travelled yesterday, is a fast train, and famous for dust. The *Cameriera* laughed as she brushed me, and said, “Ah, vous venez de Venise ; c'est toujours comme cela !” I did pity the luckless travellers (parties of English), who did the whole journey, leaving Venice at 8 A.M., and only reaching Turin late at night. Then, the carriages are crowded, besides being very bad and uncomfortable. After dinner, I went out, and was fortunate in finding Bene-

diction at a beautiful little Capuchin church close by ; it was all so nice and devotional. I went there again this morning for Mass, which is said here after the Ambrosian rite, differing slightly from the Roman in several respects ; and immediately after Communion, a small glass of water is given to each person to drink. I rather liked the observance of this peculiar old custom. After breakfast we went out in a small carriage, and drove first to the old Church of S. Ambrogio. It is solemn and venerable in appearance, and most interesting from its associations. It was founded by S. Ambrose in 387 ; and on the spot where the High Altar stands, he baptised S. Augustine. Here also he placed the relics of S. Gervasius and S. Protasius ; their martyred bodies were indicated to him in a vision, together with a written record of their glorious confession and death. He caused them to be removed in triumph to this church, and laid beneath the altar, saying : “ Let the victims lie in triumph, where Christ is sacrificed ; He upon the altar Who suffered for all ; they beneath the altar, who were redeemed by His suffering.” We were shown the pillar where S. Gervasius was scourged to death ; it stands

close to their shrine. In the doors are enclosed two panels from the ancient gates which S. Ambrose closed against the Emperor Theodosius, until he had humbled himself and done public penance for the cruelties he had permitted. In this church also is the pulpit where S. Ambrose preached; and here, for the first time, the *Te Deum* was recited by him and S. Augustine in alternate verses, as they advanced to the altar. Above all, here is his shrine: and it was most consoling to kneel there and realise something of the history of the great Bishop of Milan and his yet greater catechumen.

This church recalls most vividly the early days and discipline of Christianity, being divided into departments for the men, the women, and the catechumens. The coronation with the iron crown of Lombardy, made from one of the sacred nails of the Crucifixion, used to take place here; the first being that of Berengarius in 888.

From this we went to another venerable church, that of S. Eustorgio, built in 320. It has some resemblance in style to that of S. Ambrogio; and it contains a beautiful shrine, in which lies S. Peter Martyr, the great Do-

minican Saint. Outside is the open-air pulpit where he used to preach, and often confuted the Manicheans. Our next visit was to the Duomo, which I was prepared not to like ; and certainly the exterior is provoking to a degree ; it is exasperating to see a huge amount of labour and skill lavished to so little purpose. Besides, the general effect has no particular character or result ; it is all a confusion of lines and redundancy of ornament. You are told that the statues on every pinnacle are exquisitely sculptured. So they may be; but, as you stand below, they produce no more charm to the eye than the rudest stone-cutting would do ; also, there are far too many, and they lose much thereby. The interior, however, cannot fail to give one pleasure. It is very devotional ; and, without entering into the vexed question of architectural styles, after the eye has long been accustomed to basilicas, a Gothic church produces a certain new and refreshing sensation. “The long-drawn aisle and fretted vault” exercise even more than their usual fascination ; and here the great height of the pillars and the exquisite sculpture of their capitals add greatly to the striking effect. Moreover, the delicate tracery of the windows, and the glowing colours

of the stained glass, produce a grand, warm tone, which is extremely impressive. Every change of position gives a new picture that one is loth to leave ; but I learnt with indignation that the tracery of the roof is a painted sham. There is, indeed, a portion that is real, and the rest is so perfectly imitated that one requires to be told ; but, in a grand Gothic marble church, imagine such base trickery ! It is impossible to look up without a painful sensation. We saw some very fine mediæval church plate in the sacristy, and then visited the tomb of S. Charles Borromeo, which is in a crypt beneath the “Confession” in front of the High Altar. The shrine is magnificent, and the body can be seen arrayed in mitre and gorgeous vestments ; but it involved some trouble and delay, so we contented ourselves with offering our prayers at the shrine.

I do not think we could have chosen anything more helpful to faith and devotion for the Feast of the Sacred Heart than this morning’s pilgrimage to these interesting shrines :

“The sacred flame Thy saints have known
Enkindle, Lord, in me ;
Thou above all the rest for ever,
And all the rest in Thee.”

Milan is not interesting or picturesque. It rather resembles Brussels or Paris, handsome and modern. Tramways run in the principal streets, and the shops are pretty. Most of the women wear the black lace mantilla, which is modest and becoming, and looks so well in the churches. Some of the lower classes are to be seen with the head-dress of silver pins, or rays of silver, at the back of the head, and it is very picturesque.

X.

BAVENO, LAGO MAGGIORE.

WE arrived here last night, after a very tiring day. Before leaving Milan, we went to pay a last visit to the Duomo. Beautiful it looked, with the morning sunlight pouring through the painted windows in glowing streams. High Mass was going on, and made the picture complete; while it superadded the high realities of faith. Benediction followed, and then we returned home to prepare for our journey. The heat in the train was overpowering, and made it difficult to enjoy the beautiful and

fertile country through which we were passing. There was, however, one disagreeable and almost painful sight as we passed along ; the poor mulberry-trees, now stripped of every leaf for the greedy *bacchi* (silkworms), and stretching out their bare boughs, all naked, wintry, and pitiful amid the surrounding luxuriance of summer green. But compassionate Nature was beginning to clothe many of them anew, though only for a second harvest ; and a great number were cut down to mere stumps, that they might throw out more branches next year.

We reached Arona, on Lago Maggiore, at five P.M., and there embarked on the little lake steamer for Baveno, which lies at the end of the lake. The intense heat, the horrid smells of the dirty little steamer, and the tiresome Italians, who ate a greasy dinner on deck and smoked in your face, greatly dispelled the romantic charm of the beautiful scenery ; and we did not fully appreciate it, till we found ourselves in the garden of the hotel. Certainly, it is lovely as a dream. If life were given to us merely for enjoyment, or for the *dolce far niente*, or if human love might seek for itself a habitation where every feature and expression

of nature are in harmony with all that is most tender and elevated, it would be found in such a spot. We are just at the end of the lake, and the Alps enclose us on every side. To the left is the Simplon, lifting its eternal snows ; and the line of white and purple peaks arises in grand procession. There is such a sense of exultation in this mighty work of God's creation : "and the strength of the hills is His also." Then, though bare and craggy in their heights, yet their mighty flanks are clothed with the thick foliage of the chestnut woods ; while the little hamlets and villas nestle at their base, and the clear, still mirror of the placid lake gives back the outline of their solemn shadows. The lovely little islands of Isola Bella and Isola Madre lift their green terraces out of the water, and the boats, with their striped awnings, float lazily along. Down to the very water's edge there are pergolas of green vines ; and such flowers and shrubs as we keep in greenhouses grow in wild luxuriance. From the garden beneath the balcony there is a sweet breath of lemons and daturas, roses, syringa, and honeysuckle, ever rising up. Yesterday evening we sat at dinner, and watched from the open windows the rose-flush of sunset bathe every object

in its tender glow. Then came the soft, sad veil of grey, and at last night fell like a black shroud ; dark clouds hid the stars, the deep-toned thunder muttered amongst the mountains, and the “ big rain came dancing to the earth.” It did not cool the air, however ; and the heat continues.

We have had such a lovely drive this evening. I never remember anything more exquisite, particularly the latter part ; we skirted the lake towards the other end, where the scenery is more flat : but as we turned back to Baveno, the range of mountains began to rise higher and higher, pushing past each other in grand and stately procession, till at the head of the lake their giant ranks closed in, and rising beyond the purple crags and peaks, dim and ghost-like as the clouds that haunt them, were the heights of eternal snow in their awful loneliness and majesty. Our road lay under a slope, which shielded us from the sun, though on the opposite side of the lake we could see Pallanza and the other hamlets, still in the burning glow. To increase the charm of our route, at every two yards we came upon a cascade, or a rushing torrent, or sometimes a gentle, trickling rill of cool, clear water, making

its way from the mountain heights to the bosom of the lake below. This made all the hill-side fresh with tenderest green ; and often the water came oozing and dripping through the craggy boulders which towered far overhead, all their clefts and crevices filled with the most exquisite ferns and mosses and lichens, from the regal Osmunda fern to the most delicate, tiny frond that ever made a fairy sceptre. The lower part of the slope was terraced with vines, higher up came the thick green boscage of the chestnut woods ; now and then a meadow growing rich and deep with grass and herbage, and the loveliest wild flowers you can imagine. Often, amid all this beauty, a villa or a wooden châlet had set itself down ; and its gardens overflowed the low stone parapet which bounded them, and came wreathing and blossoming down to the very highway. Garlands of roses, deep crimson, pink and yellow, white honeysuckle in clusters, trees and bushes of syringa that made the whole air a perfume ; and, best of all, the magnolias lifting up their great ivory cups, that brimmed over with balmy fragrance ! Sometimes we came upon a little wayside shrine or chapel ; and once we saw a *Via Crucis* tracing its path of Divine suffering up

the green hill-side. On the other hand, we skirted the lake, whose pellucid depths mirrored back every outline. On its broad bosom were the three lovely islands, which appeared like pyramids of green, interspersed with white houses and terraces. Some fishermen in their boats, casting nets close to the shore, completed the picture. Every little village we passed had a sort of piazza, with a pergola of vines or a group of shady chestnuts jutting out into the water, beneath which (as it was Sunday) the men smoked and drank beer, and the women chatted over their babies. It was a long drive ; and before we reached home, the rose glory of the sunset had begun to fill the sky. Soon, the tender grey and purple shadows deepened on the mountain-sides, and were reflected on the lake in exquisite contrast to the cloud-islands of crimson and gold which floated in the western sky, and gave a part of their burning glow to its darkened waters. Never did painter conceive such delicate gradations of colour and shadow. The twilight is very short ; and night, with the most sudden transition, falls actually like a curtain on the glowing scene.

XI.

ORTA.

WE started soon after eight A.M., while the morning was still fresh ; and had the most perfect drive of nearly three hours to this lovely spot, the favourite retreat of artists. The first part of our drive was on the old Simplon Road, still in constant use ; and we came close under the mountains, and looked up at their giant slopes, which seemed to hem us in with inaccessible walls. In many parts, their green mantle had been rudely torn aside, showing the white seams and scars where they had been cleft and riven for the marble quarries. One thought with pleasure of the many grand and beautiful churches whose altars and pillars they had supplied. The Basilica of "S. Paul's beyond the Walls" at Rome has been entirely built from the quarry of a mountain close to Baveno, which we passed.'

After an hour's drive, we turned off the Simplon Road into the one which leads towards Orta. This, in many respects, resembled what I described yesterday ; so I will not

weary you with a repetition. Only, for a great part of the way, we were out of sight of the lakes, and quite hemmed in by the mountains on either side. There was little trace of human habitation, except a few small hamlets, each with its church and campanile, or a lonely convent, generally built on such a steep slope, that it appears a wonder the fierce winter rains and torrents do not sweep away the little cluster of white buildings. No sheep were browsing, no labourers to be seen, except the mowers in the meadows of thick herbage and grass which spread over the upland. The great produce of this part is the hay, which was being cut on all sides, and scenting the air deliciously. Little rills came trickling through the grass ; and wherever the road was bounded by a rocky wall, there was the delicious gurgle andplash of a torrent to be heard. We went for many a mile without passing a human creature ; but, however lonely the road, and even at the most unlikely spots, far from a village, one was sure to see a little shrine, a cross, a wayside chapel, often with a roughly-painted fresco of the Crucifixion. In the midst of the peaceful beauty and luxuriance, the image of Divine suffering seemed to appeal irresistibly

to one's soul ; and who can estimate the worth of this pictured teaching, which "who runs may read," on the hearts and minds of the rough, simple peasantry ? I thought with a sigh of the hop-fields in England, and the black mining districts, where Protestantism has swept away every outward symbol of Divine love and Christian hope that could raise the minds and comfort the hearts of poor, suffering, degraded humanity !

In less than two hours, we came upon the Lago d'Orta, a small but most picturesque lake, in the very heart of the mountains. It differs from the others in character, and is most lonely. No villas surround it, and but a few fishing-boats break the stillness of its pool-like waters, which undisturbed give back only the mountain shadows, the floating clouds, the quiet stars. At the end of it, we came upon Orta, with its Monte Sacro, a place of famous pilgrimage. I wish we could follow its stations up to the little chapel which I see on the hill ; but it would be at risk of sunstroke. So there is nothing to be done but to sit quiet in the little albergo with its brick floors, and look out of the windows which frame, in a trellis-work of vines, the most perfect picture of lake

and mountains that can be conceived, with the little Island of St. Giulio and its convent buildings in the foreground. We mean to stay quietly till the opposite mountains lengthen their shadows on the water, and then we may risk a trip to the little island by water, and in the evening drive back to Baveno. The mountains here hem us in more closely ; and one can see very plainly the green dells and gorges, which look so tempting in the blaze of an Italian noon.

XII.

B A V E N O .

AFTER we had exhausted letters, books, etc., yesterday afternoon at Orta, we started about 4 P.M. in a small boat, and were rowed over to the Island of St. Giulio. It is an exquisite bit for an artist : a group of rather tumble-down, picturesque houses, a large convent (now a seminario), and a church with a campanile rising out of the clear green water of the lake, with a dark background of lofty mountains. The gardens were rich with lemons ripening

against their low white walls, which run down by steps into the water. The houses are mostly built with arches beneath, and under these, or pergolas of green vines, the women wash linen in the bright, clear water. The loggias make a pleasant shady gallery to the houses, and bright-coloured flowers and large green leaves are twining and wreathing everywhere. We landed, and looked into the little church, which contains a handsome pulpit of the time of the Emperor Theodosius. It is very old and curious. Then we made the tour of the island on foot ; and I thought the sun would have killed us. Once we came on such a ghastly sight in the midst of the sunshine and flowers —a small open chapel filled with skulls and bones ! A grating was placed in front, and a wooden cross. On inquiry we found that these remains had been dug up in making some new foundations, and were thus enshrined. After this, we returned to the albergo, and had some wine and water while the horses were put to. It was now past 5 P.M., and we started. The first part of our drive was most trying, from the intense heat ; also a thunderstorm was brooding, which increased the sense of oppression. A dull, grey shade crept over the sky, the mountains, and the still waters of the

lonely lake. Not a breath was stirring, and even the chirp of the cicala sounded feeble. We leant back, quite prostrate ; but when we drove on, we left the storm behind us in the mountains, and as we drew under the shadow of the hillside, we often got a perfectly cool breath from its green dripping shelters. I never before fully appreciated these words : "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." As the sun declined, we revived ; and when we got into the depth of the valley, the cut hay was sending forth its delicious scent in the evening air, and it was a pretty sight to see the sturdy peasants in groups resting or returning home after their day's work. We got to Baveno very tired, at 7.30 P.M.

XIII.

T U R I N .

WE arrived here last night, after a very tiring journey. The heat is almost killing to English people. We left Baveno by steamer at 2.30 P.M., got to Arona at 4 P.M., and waited an

hour for the train that was to take us to Novaro. When it came up, the carriages were baked. I never felt such intense heat. At Novaro we had another change, and half an hour to wait. Then the train for Turin came up, a slow one, stopping and waiting at every station. We did not reach Turin until nearly 11 P.M. After dark, the fireflies were so numerous that all the hedges and fields were sparkling with their flitting light. This morning, we visited churches, shops, and a picture-gallery ; and this in heat which you never felt, and can hardly imagine. All the Italians speak of it as quite unusual. We only visited one place of real interest to-day, the Chapel of the Santo Sudario (the Winding-sheet of our Blessed Lord.) It is in the cathedral, but above the High Altar, and partly shut off from it, as it adjoins the palace. It was so built by the King in the days when the Cross of Savoy truly symbolised the faith of the royal house. He would thus always have it in his keeping, for he could not bear to part from it. The Santo Sudario is kept in a box, and enclosed in a rich shrine, so that one cannot see it. Only on great occasions it is exposed, the last being the marriage of Prince Umberto to Margarita. It seems little short

of profanation, and it thrills one with horror, to know that Victor Emmanuel is now in the palace here, and thus has this most precious relic in his keeping. Surely the Church, or Catholics all over the world, ought to try and purchase it from him. There is a painting of it, and a beautiful little prayer, which I should have liked to copy, for this of all relics is the most precious : but I had not time.

XIV.

AIX-LES-BAINS.

WE arrived here last night, after a journey of more than eight hours. Except in the upper part of the mountains, the heat was fearful. We left the hotel at Turin soon after 8 A.M., and found the train, which was the mail from Venice and Milan, crowded. At first we had difficulty in getting places ; but, fortunately for us, the officials were obliged to put on an extra carriage, so we travelled in comparative luxury. Soon we began to draw near to the grand barrier of mountains whose inmost fast-

ness we were to enter and penetrate ; and most beautiful they looked in the morning light, lifting up their cloven peaks of virgin snow into the blue heavens, like pure steadfast altar flames. We skirted the old carriage-road, part of the way through many a deep ravine and gorge. Then we felt the train beginning to ascend, with slow and toilsome strain of the engines. Tunnels were passed ; the vegetation became sparse and stunted, in comparison with the luxuriance we were leaving ; but in the upland meadows such wild flowers grew as are only nurtured under a carpet of snow—vivid hues of rose, turquoise, and purple. We went very slowly, still ascending. Susa was left behind, and the air grew keener, seeming like wine, after the heat and oppression below. Every now and then we came upon the most lovely views. At midday, we reached the entrance of the tunnel ; and it gave me a thrill as we stopped to look up at the giant mountain through whose centre we were to penetrate. The engines got up steam, and we plunged into the darkness. In twenty-five minutes we came out on the French side, leaving beautiful Italy behind the snow-heights. The thought gave me a pang. The last of places, as of

people, always saddens me, even when we are willing to part ; but I am glad that my last impressions were of Italy in the fulness of her beauty, and “like the last taste of sweets, were sweetest last.” When we entered the station at Modane, and saw “Paris” written up on the platform, we felt that we were nearing home. We got out ; and it looked so strange to see, at each end of the glass-roofed station, snowy mountains lifting up their crests before and behind. We changed carriages, altered our watches three-quarters of an hour by the two great clocks marked “Heure de Rome,” “Heure de Paris;” and, while the baggage was examined, we went into the buffet and had luncheon, for which the keen mountain air had given us an appetite. Then we got into the French train, and soon descended again into the great heat.

We reached Aix about 5 p.m. It is a lovely spot, very Italian in appearance, with a beautiful glimpse of the snowy mountains, and a lake whose aqua-marine waters gleam at the base of precipitous hills. There are shady allées, where one can drive, protected from the sun’s glare ; but the heat is as great as what we left in Italy, only there is a little more air.

We had a charming drive yesterday evening after dinner. We went in the direction of the snow mountains, which were radiant in the glow of sunset. Behind us was a blue sky, flecked with rose-leaf clouds, and the nearer hills stood out in dark velvet ridges against the golden glory that was sinking behind them. The waters of the lake, which lies at their base, are very green and translucent. Towards the end, it becomes desolate and reedy, and all along the other side of the road which skirts it there is a large pool covered with tall flags and water-lilies, white and yellow, many of them in bloom. The valley itself is as luxuriant in foliage and vegetation as Italy: the vines are garlanded from tree to tree, the fields of grain waving and ripening in the sun, and the numerous poplars give a peculiar character to the scene. There are some pretty gardens. In one I saw tall cypresses, which were garlanded almost to the top with white roses—a perfect snow-drift falling from their dark spires. The town is small, with two or three large hotels. The shopkeepers from Cannes and Nice come over for the season, and the little carriages, with awnings to them, are driven over the mountains to find summer customers. There

are long, shady allées, and the hotels have large gardens with plenty of trees. A band plays morning and evening, and the bathers at the hot sulphurous springs are brought back from the bath-house in sedan-chairs, all swathed in blankets, to avoid a chill after the boiling they have had. Fancy the delights of such a cure in this weather ! We ended the evening with Benediction at the little church. But how one misses the churches of Italy, with their vast cool spaces and marble silence ! The functions, also ; the constant Masses at every altar, going on till past midday ; the numerous Expositions and Benedictions, and the indescribable devotion and fervour which is born and nurtured in Italy, and seems to pervade the very air of those dim, incense-scented churches. There we had devotions every night for the Sacred Heart, and hymns that thrilled one with their constant refrain of “Dolce Cuor del mio Gesù !” and sermons full of loving appeal and tenderest devotion. Here, by contrast, all seems cut and dried.

We have just returned from an expedition to Annecy, whither we went to visit the shrine of S. Francis of Sales. The pilgrimage did me good, for I always realise so intensely the life

and spirit of a Saint, when I find myself at the shrine or at the places hallowed by his presence. What an effect places have upon one, as regards the past, whether the past be one's own or that of others ! How pervaded with life do matter and space become, when memory touches them with her magic wand ! It is consoling to know there were such tender, human-hearted Saints as S. Francis of Sales. It brings a kind of rest to one's weary spirits to think of them, when others more wonderful and sublime make us feel

“Heaven too distant !
“The wind that swept them out of sin
Has ruffled all our vesture ;
'Gainst the shut door that let them in
We beat with frantic gesture.”

We had a hot, tedious railway journey to Annecy, over one hour and a half for what an English train would have taken half an hour to do ; and at Annecy there had been no rain, so the trees and the roads were dusty as only French dust can make them. Disappointment awaited us on driving to the Church of the Visitation, where are the shrines and relics of S. Francis and of S. Jane Chantal. We found the church was undergoing repair, and the

bodies of the two Saints had been moved into the enclosure of the adjoining convent. In vain we pleaded with the nun at the gate that we had come *en pèlerinage*. She said they were obliged with reluctance to refuse all pilgrims, as the bodies of the Saints were placed “dans une chambre au milieu de la clôture!” It seems a great pity that some other place cannot be set apart for this purpose, seeing that most of the Roman pilgrims go to Annecy; and not only at the present moment, but whenever repairs or alterations are going on in the church (which is not unfrequently the case), a disappointment invariably awaits them: so that unless one makes sure beforehand, Annecy may often turn out to be an unsatisfactory pilgrimage. However, we consoled ourselves by breathing a little prayer to the two Saints, whose statues are placed in niches outside the church; and hoped they would accept our intention, and make up to us for the privilege we were deprived of in visiting their shrines. We afterwards drove to the *first* convent founded by S. Chantal. The one we have just left is *thus inscribed*, but not quite correctly; for this one is the actual house where she first established her daughters. It was, however, disused

and lost sight of altogether, till some years ago, when the Sisters of S. Joseph (not the Visitation) bought it, without any idea of what it had been. The little chapel, so precious in its memories, where S. Francis often said Mass and S. Jane Chantal prayed, had been turned into a pressoir ; and it was only the discovery of a stone bénitier which put the nuns on the scent. Then, on consulting history, they had no difficulty in verifying all the facts connecting it with the Visitation, and found that they were in possession of S. Jane Frances Chantal's original cell. All things had remained intact ; and, as we knelt and prayed in the chapel and cell, S. Francis' own peaceful, loving spirit seemed to descend upon us.

After this, we took a long and most beautiful drive to the famous gorge of Fier, which is the most picturesque spot in Savoy. A heavy shower had fallen while we were at S. Joseph's, which laid the dust ; and when the sun came out, all was green and radiant with glittering rain-drops. The scenery was charming—on either side the mountains seemed to swing back and make way for the fertile wooded plains and dells, which spread themselves out in easy curve and sweep. Soon we came to a deep,

thickly-wooded valley, where our heavy carriage had a troublesome descent: the way was winding and narrow for two horses, and once we came to some felled timber which lay across the road, and a delay ensued while the courier and coachman with difficulty removed it. After another zigzag turning or two, we had to get out and walk to the gorge which lies below. Here, indeed, we came to a strange and beautiful scene, greatly resembling that at Ragatz, only on a much larger scale. It seemed as if the earth had been cleft far down towards its centre; between the rocky walls rushes a torrent, which has previously been flowing through the valley, and now, finding itself imprisoned in the narrow gorge, boils, and foams, and tears its way along, scooping out the hard rock in circles, to make way for its eddying pools. All along the rocky wall on one side (about midway or a little more above the torrent) runs a narrow wooden gallery, secured to the rocks by iron cramps. It is a daring bit of engineering skill, carried out eight years ago, and enables one to walk all through the gorge, and appreciate its wild beauty. In some parts the cleft in the rock is so narrow that more than two people could not stand abreast; and one

looks down its precipitous sides from a dizzy height at the stream below, now eddying in black pools, now seething in foam through its rocky channel, till the eye is fascinated by the weird danger. Then it is a relief to glance upwards, and to see, far above, the blue sky, and the sunlight trickling through the green leaves, which in many places close overhead. Birches and acacias grow on the very edge of the cliff ; and in one place a tree has thrown its stem in fearless strength and grace across the chasm, while wreaths and trails of ivy drip greenly down, and ferns and mosses clothe the riven crags. It is quite a place for a wild legend, and is much *longer* than any other such gorge I ever saw. After we had explored all its windings, and looked up at a little Devil's Bridge, which in one place spans it, we returned to the valley, and had a lovely walk through it. The sunshine after the rain made its greenery delightfully fresh, and the chequered light played on the birch stems. Every leaf and blade glittered with diamond drops, and on the banks the wild strawberries drooped like coral drops from their delicate stems. We picked up our train at a station further down the line, and got home, very tired.

We went to-day to Haute Combe, a large Cistercian monastery on the other side of the lake, beautifully situated at the base of the mountain, and overhanging the water. S. Bernard originally founded, or rather planted, his Order here; for he found a monastery already existing, the monks of which gladly embraced his strict rule and spirit. But the community died out, when the Italians had it; for Haute Combe used to be in Italy, and the convent itself is Italian now. In the church are the tombs of the Sovereigns and families of the House of Savoy, *once* so loyal to the Church; the monks are now French. The church is debased Gothic; but the situation, in its lovely solitude, is perfect. There is a wonderful charm about all the Cistercian houses. A lay brother showed us over the church; the enclosure we could not pass, and, as it was the hour of great silence and repose, not a monk was to be seen. He was so grateful for the alms we gave, that he insisted we should come into the parlour and drink some of the champagne they make themselves, and eat some cakes. The drives about here are lovely, and there is something peculiar and very exquisite in the effect of the clouds; they

seem to haunt the mountain crests, and their different shapes and tints are wonderful.

Our pilgrimage has now drawn to its close ; we glance back at the beautiful and interesting scenes and objects, both of Nature and Art, which, like a long panorama, stretch far behind, with feelings of intense gratitude for the privilege they have opened to us of drawing nearer, through them, to the Eternal Beauty. How frequently, when a thrill of delight has surprised the soul, or a hush of reverence has fallen like a spell upon it, those precious words of promise, whispered by our guardian angels, “Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,” etc., have awakened our highest aspirations, and stirred the fountain of our tears !

Sorrow and death have been near to us ; but their sombre shadows have melted away in a dawn of glorious promise, wherein the spirit voices call “Excelsior ! Excelsior ! Onward and Upward !—pilgrims from the Eternal City, journey on your narrow path day by day, till ye reach the City of God !”

THE END.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
I. OFF ON A PILGRIMAGE TO ROME !	9
II. GENOA	13
III. FLORENCE	18
IV. SIENA	38
V. ROME	44
VI. PERUGIA	69
VII. VENICE	81
VIII. PADUA	98
IX. MILAN	101
X. BAVENO, LAGO MAGGIORE	106
XI. ORTA	112
XII. BAVENO	115
XIII. TURIN	117
XIV. AIX-LES-BAINS	119



R. WASHBOURNE'S CATALOGUE OF BOOKS, 18 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.

Any Book in this Catalogue sent free on receipt of P.O. Order payable to Robert Washbourne, at the General Post Office, or half-penny stamps (not penny ones) accepted.

NEW BOOKS.

The Faith of our Fathers: Being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church founded by our Lord Jesus Christ. By Rt. Rev. James Gibbons, D.D., 12mo. 4s.; paper covers, 2s. nett.

"The author is not aggressive: is never bitter, never sneers, nor deals in sarcasm or ridicule; does not treat his reader as a foe to be beaten, but as a brother to be persuaded. His sense of religion is too deep to allow him to make light of any honest faith. We perceive on every page the reverend and Christian bishop who knows that charity and not hate is the divine power of the Church; the fire that sets the world ablaze. It is not necessary that we should say more in commendation of this treatise. It will most certainly have a wide circulation, and its merits will be advertised by every reader. Bishop Gibbons has written chiefly for Protestants, but we hope his book will find entrance into every Catholic family."—*Catholic World*.

The Panegyrics of Fr. Segneri, S.J. Translated from the original Italian. With a preface by the Rev. William Humphrey, S.J. 12mo., 5s.

"Happily eloquence was not the only great excellence of Segneri. His matter is always most valuable, for he was a thorough theologian as well as a wonderful preacher."—*Month*.

The Story of the Life of St. Paul. By M. F. S., author of "Legends of the Saints," &c., &c. 12mo., 2s. 6d.

"That delightful writer for the young, the author of 'Tom's Crucifix,' 'Catherine Hamilton,' 'Stories of the Saints,' 'Stories of Martyr Priests,' and many other works of similar excellence and interest, has found a most attractive theme for her prolific pen in the wonderful and edifying story of S. Paul. The Story of S. Paul thus written will be a favourite with those juvenile Catholic readers who have already so much cause for gratitude to M. F. S."—*Weekly Register*.

My Conversion and Vocation. By Rev. Father Schouvaloff, Barnabite. Translated from the French, with an Appendix by the Rev. Father C. Tondini, Barnabite. 12mo., 5s.

"This is a very edifying and a very readable book. Some books are readable without being precisely edifying, and many works are edifying though not at all readable, but this work has both good qualities. It is an autobiography, the record of the trials, struggles, temptations, doubts, fears, calls to grace, and the final victory of a Russian nobleman. It is founded, perhaps not altogether unconsciously, on one of the greatest works ever produced by a human pen—'The Confessions of S. Augustine.'—*Tablet*.

Men and Women of the English Reformation from the days of Wolsey to the death of Cranmer. By S. H. Burke, M.A. 2 vols., 12mo., 10s.

"The author produces evidence that cannot be gainsaid."—*Universe*. "Interesting and valuable."—*Tablet*. "A clever and well-written historical statement."—*Month*.

* Though this Catalogue does not contain many of the books of other Publishers, R. W. can supply all of them, no matter by whom they are published. All orders, so far as possible, will be executed the same day. School Books, Copy Books, and other Stationery, Rosaries, Medals, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Incense, Candlesticks, Vases, and other Church requisites supplied.

Three Sketches of Life in Iceland. By Carl Andersen. Translated by Myfanwy Fenton. Dedicated to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales. 12mo., 2s. 6d.

Fluffy. A Tale for Boys. By M. F. S., author of "Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales." 12mo., 3s. 6d.

"A charming little story. The narrative is as wholesome throughout as a breath of fresh air, and as beautiful in the spirit of it as a beam of moonlight."—*Weekly Register.*

The Feasts of Camelot; with the Tales that were told there. By Eleanora Louisa Hervey. 12mo., 3s. 6d.

"This is really a very charming collection of tales, told, as is evident from the title, by the Knights of the Round Table, at the Court of King Arthur. It is good for children and for grown up people too, to read these stories of knightly courtesy and adventure and of pure and healthy romance, and they have never been written in a more attractive style than by Mrs. Hervey in this little volume."—*Tablet.* "Elegant and imaginative invention, well selected language, and picturesque epithet."—*Athenaeum.* "Full of chivalry and knightly deeds, not unmixed with touches of quaint humour."—*Court Journal.* "A graceful and pleasing collection of stories."—*Daily News.* "Quaint and graceful little stories."—*Notes and Queries.* "There is a high purpose in this charming book, one which is steadily pursued—it is the setting forth of the true meaning of chivalry."—*Morning Post.*

Message from the Mother Heart of Mary. 4d. and 6d.

The Eucharistic Year; or, Preparation and Thanksgiving for the Holy Communion on all the Sundays and the principal Feasts of the Year. 18mo., 4s.

Life of S. Angela Merici, Foundress of the Ursulines. From the French of the Abbé G. Beetemé. 12mo., 4s. 6d.

Catechism Made Easy. By Rev. H. Gibson. Vol. 3, 12mo., 4s.

A Hundred Years Ago; or, a Narrative of Events leading to the Marriage and Conversion to the Catholic Faith of Mr. and Mrs Sidney, of Cowpen Hall, Northumberland. By their Granddaughter. 12mo., 2s. 6d.

The Franciscan Annals and Monthly Bulletin of the Third Order of S. Francis. 8vo., 6d.

The Angelus. A Catholic Monthly Magazine, containing tales and other interesting reading. 8vo., 1d. Volume for 1876, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Vespers and Benediction Service. Composed and harmonized by Leopold de Prins. 4to., 3s. 6d. nett.

Catholic Hymnal. English Words. For Children, Church, Convent, Confraternity and Catholic Family Use. For one, two, or four voices, with accompaniment. By Leopold de Prins. 4to., 2s. ; bound, 3s. nett.

Rest, on the Cross. By E. L. Hervey. 12mo., 3s. 6d. *In the press.*

Captain Rougemont; the Miraculous Conversion. 8vo., 2s.

Album of Christian Art. Twenty-three original compositions of Professor Klein, in Vienna. 4to., 6s.

A DELSTAN (Countess), Sketch of her Life and Letters. An abridged translation from the French of the Rev. Père Marquigny, S.J., by E. A. M. 12mo., 1s. and 2s. 6d. *See page 11.*

Adolphus; or, the Good Son. 18mo., 6d.

Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion. By Iota. 12mo., 3s. and 5s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- AGNEW (Mme.), Convent Prize Book.** 12mo., 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 7s. 6d.
- A Hundred Years Ago**; or, a Narrative of Events leading to the Marriage and Conversion to the Catholic Faith of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney, of Cowpen Hall, Northumberland; to which are added a few other Incidents in their Life. By their Grand-daughter. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- A'KEMPIS—Following of Christ.** Pocket Edition, 32mo., 1s.; embossed red edges, 1s. 6d.; roan, 2s.; French morocco, 2s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 4s. 6d.; gilt, 5s. 6d. Also in ivory, with rims and clasp, 15s. and 16s.; morocco antique, with two elegant brass corners and clasps, 17s. 6d.; russia, ditto, ditto, 20s.
- **Imitation of Christ; with Reflections.** 32mo., 1s.; Persian calf, 3s. 6d.; Border Edition, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Albert the Great.** See Dixon (Rev. Fr. T. A.).
- Album of Christian Art.** Twenty-three original compositions of Professor Klein, in Vienna. 4to., 6s.
- ALLIES (T. W. Esq.), St. Peter; his Name and his Office.** 12mo., 5s.
- Alone in the World.** By A. M. Stewart. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- Alphabet of Scripture Subjects.** On a large sheet, 1s.; coloured, 2s., on a roller, varnished, 4s. 6d.; mounted to fold in a book, 3s. 6d.
- ALZOG'S Universal Church History.** 8vo., 3 Vols., each 20s.
- American Life (Forty Years of).** By Dr. Nichols. 12mo., 5s.
- AMHERST (Rt. Rev. Dr.), Lenten Thoughts.** 18mo., 2s.; red edges, 2s. 6d.
- Amulet (The).** By Conscience. 12mo., 4s.
- ANDERSEN (Carl), Three Sketches of Life in Iceland.** Translated by Myfanwy Fenton. Dedicated to H. R. H. the Princess of Wales. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- Angela Merici (S.) Her Life, her Virtues, and her Institute.** From the French of the Abbé G. Beetemé. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- Angela's (S.) Manual: a Book of Devout Prayers and Exercises for Female Youth.** 2s.; Persian, 3s. 6d.; calf, 4s. 6d.
- Angels (The) and the Sacraments.** 16mo., 1s.
- Angelus (The).** A Monthly Magazine. 8vo., 1d. Yearly subscription, post free, 1s. 6d. Volume for 1876, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Anglican Orders.** By Canon Williams. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- A few Remarks in the form of a Conversation on the recent work by Canon Estcourt. 8vo., 6d.
- Anglicanism, Harmony of.** See Marshall (T. W. M.).
- Anti-Janus.** See Robertson (Professor).
- Apostleship of Prayer.** By Rev. H. Ramière. 12mo., 6s.
- AQUINAS (St. Thomas), Summa Summae.** By Dr. O'Mahony. In Latin. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
- ARNOLD (Miss M. J.), Personal Recollections of Cardinal Wiseman, with other Memories.** 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- Ars Rhetorica.** Auctore R. P. Martino du Cygne. 12mo., 3s.
- Artist of Collingwood.** 12mo., 2s.

- Association of Prayers.** By Rev. C. Tondini. 12mo., 3d.
Augustine (St.) of Canterbury, Life of. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours; or, Chats about the Rosary. 12mo., 3s.
BAGSHAWE (Rev. J. B.), Catechism of Christian Doctrine, illustrated with passages from the Holy Scriptures. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 — **Threshold of the Catholic Church.** A Course of Plain Instructions for those entering her Communion. 12mo., 4s.
BAGSHAWE, (Rt. Rev. Dr.), The Life of our Lord, commemorated in the Mass. 18mo., 6d., bound 1s. ; Verses and Hymns separately, 1d., bound 4d.
BAKER (Fr., O.S.B.), The Rule of S. Benedict. From the old English edition of 1638. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Baker's Boy; or, Life of General Drouot. 18mo., 6d.
BALMES (J. L.), Letters to a Sceptic on Matters of Religion. 12mo., 6s.
BAMPFIELD (Rev. G.), Sir Aelfric and other Tales. 18mo., 6d.; cloth, 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.
BARGE (Rev. T.), Occasional Prayers for Festivals. 32mo., 4d. and 6d.; gilt, 1s.
Battista Varani (B.), *see* Veronica (S.). 12mo., 5s.
BAUGHAN (Rosa), Shakespeare. Expurgated edition. 8vo., 6s. The Comedies only, 3s. 6d.
Before the Altar. 32mo., 6d.
BELLECIO (Fr.), Spiritual Exercises of S. Ignatius. Translated by Dr. Hutch. 18mo., 2s.
BELL'S Modern Reader and Speaker. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Bells of the Sanctuary,—A Daughter of St. Dominick. By Grace Ramsay. 12mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.; stronger bound, 2s.
Benedict (S.), Abridged Explanation of his Medal. 18mo., 1d.; or 6s. 100.
 — **The Rule of our most Holy Father S. Benedict, Patriarch of Monks.** From the old English edition of 1638. Edited in Latin and English by one of the Benedictine Fathers of St. Michael's, near Hereford. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Benedictine Breviary. 4 vols., 18mo., Dessain, 1870. 26s. nett ; morocco, 42s. nett, and 47s. nett.
Benedictine Missal. Pustet, Folio, 1873. 20s. nett; morocco, 50s. nett, and 60s. nett. Dessain, 4to., 1862, 18s. nett ; morocco, 40s. nett, and 50s. nett.
BENNI (Most Rev. C. B.), Tradition of the Syriac Church of Antioch, concerning the Primacy and Prerogatives of S. Peter and of his successors, the Roman Pontiffs. 8vo., 21s.; for 7s. 6d.
Berchmans (Bl. John), New Miracle at Rome, through the intercession of Bl. John Berchmans. 12mo., 2d.
Bernardine (St.) of Siena, Life of. With Portrait. 12mo., 5s.
Bertha; or, the Consequences of a Fault. 8vo., 2s.
Bessy; or, the Fatal Consequence of Telling Lies. 12mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.

— *R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.*

- BESTE (J. R. Digby, Esq.), *Catholic Hours.* 32mo., 2s.; red edges, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.; morocco, 6s.
— *Church Hymns.* (Latin and English.) 32mo., 6d.
— *Holy Readings.* 32mo., 2s., 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.; mor., 6s.
- BESTE (Rev. Fr.), *Victories of Rome.* 8vo., 1s.
- Bible. *Douay Version.* 12mo., 3s.
- Bible (Douai). 18mo., 2s. 6d.; Persian, 5s.; calf or morocco, 7s.; gilt, 8s. 6d. 4to., Illustrated, morocco, £5 5s.; superior, £6 6s.
- Bible History for the use of Schools. *See* Gilmour (Rev. R.).
- Biographical Readings. By A. M. Stewart. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- Blessed Lord. *See* Ribadeneira; Rutter (Rev. H.).
- Blessed Virgin, Devotions to. From Ancient Sources. *See* Regina Sæculorum. 12mo., 1s. and 3s.
- *Devout Exercise in honour of.* From the Psalter and Prayers of S. Bonaventure, 32mo., 1s.
- *History of.* By Orsini. Translated by Provost Husenbeth. Illustrated, 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- *Life of.* In verse. By C. E. Tame, Esq. 16mo., 2s.
- *Life of.* Proposed as a model to Christian women. 12mo., 1s.
- *in North America, Devotion to.* By Rev. X. D. Macleod. 8vo., 5s.
- *Veneration of.* By Mrs. Stuart Laidlaw. 16mo., 4d.
- *See Our Lady,* p. 22; Leaflets, p. 16; May, p. 19.
- Blessed Virgin's Root in Ephraim. *See* Laing (Rev. Dr.).
- Blindness, Cure of, through the Intercession of Our Lady and S. Ignatius. 12mo., 2d.
- BLOSIUS, Spiritual Works of:—The Rule of the Spiritual Life; The Spiritual Mirror; String of Spiritual Jewels. Edited by Rev. Fr. Bowden. 12mo., 3s. 6d.; red edges, 4s.
- Blue Scapular, Origin of. 18mo., 1d.
- BLYTH (Rev. Fr.), *Devout Paraphrase on the Seven Penitential Psalms.* To which is added "Necessity of Purifying the Soul," by St. Francis de Sales. 18mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; red edges, 2s.
- BONA (Cardinal), *Easy Way to God.* Translated by Father Collins. 12mo., 3s.
- BONAVENTURE (S.), *Devout Exercise in honour of Our Lady.* 32mo., 1s.
- *Life of St. Francis of Assisi.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Boniface (S.), *Life of.* By Mrs. Hope. 12mo., 6s.
- Book of the Blessed Ones. By Miss Cusack. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- BORROMEО (S. Charles), *Rules for a Christian Life.* 18mo., 2d.
- BOUDON (Mgr.), *Book of Perpetual Adoration.* Translated by Rev. Dr. Redman. 12mo., 3s.; red edges, 3s. 6d.
- BOURKE (Rev. Ulick J.), *Easy Lessons: or, Self-Instruction in Irish.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- BOWDEN (Rev. Fr. John), *Spiritual Works of Louis of Blois.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.; red edges, 4s.
- *Oratorian Lives of the Saints.* (Page 22).

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- BOWDEN (Mrs.), Lives of the First Religious of the Visitation of Holy Mary. 2 vols., 12mo., 10s.
- BOWLES (Emily), Eagle and Dove. Translated from the French of Mdlle. Zénáïde Fleuriot. 12mo., 2s. 6d. and 5s.
- BRADBURY (Rev. Fr.), Journey of Sophia and Eulalie to the Palace of True Happiness. 12mo., 1s. 6d.; extra cloth, 3s. 6d.
- BRICKLEY'S Standard Table Book. 32mo., 1*d.*
- BRIDGES (Miss), Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward. 12mo., 1s. and 2s.
- Bridget (S.), Life of, and other Saints of Ireland. 12mo., 1s.
- Broken Chain. A Tale. 18mo., 6d.
- BROWNE (E. G. K., Esq.), Monastic Legends. 8vo., 6d.
- Trials of Faith; or the Sufferings of Converts to Catholicity. 18mo., 1s.
- BROWNLOW (Rev. W. R. B.), Church of England and its Defenders. 8vo., 1st letter, 6d.; 2nd letter, 1s.
- "Vitis Mystica"; or, the True Vine: a Treatise on the Passion of our Lord. 18mo., 4s.; red edges, 4s. 6d.
- BURDER (Abbot), Confidence in the Mercy of God. By Mgr. Languet. 12mo., 3s.
- The Consoler; or, Pious Readings addressed to the Sick and all who are afflicted: By Père Lambilotte. 12mo., 4s. 6d.; red ed., 5s.
- Souls in Purgatory. 32mo., 3d.
- Novena for the Souls in Purgatory. 32mo., 3d.
- Burial of the Dead. For Children and Adults. (Latin and English.) Clear type edition, 32mo., 6d.; roan, 1s. 6d.
- Burke (Edmund), Life of. See Robertson (Professor).
- BURKE (S.H., M.A.), Men and Women of the English Reformation. 12mo., 2 vols., 10s.; Vol. II., 5s.
- BURKE (Father), and others, Catholic Sermons. 12mo., 2s.
- BUTLER (Alban), Lives of the Saints. 2 vols., 8vo., 28s.; gilt, 34s.; 4 vols., 8vo., 32s.; gilt, 48s.; leather, 64s.
- One Hundred Pious Reflections. 18mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 2s.
- BUTLER (Dr.), Catechisms. 32mo., 1st, 1*d.*; 18mo., 2nd, 1*d.*; 3rd, 1*d.*
- CALIXTE—Life of the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi. Translated by A. V. Smith Sligo. 8vo., 5s.
- Callista. Dramatised by Dr. Husenbeth. 12mo., 2s.
- Captain Rougemont; or, the Miraculous Conversion. 8vo., 2s.
- Cassilda; or, the Moorish Princess of Toledo. 8vo., 2s.
- Catechisms—The Catechism of Christian Doctrine. Good large type on superfine paper. 32mo., 1*d.*, or in cloth, 2*d.*
- The Catechism of Christian Doctrine. Illustrated with passages from the Holy Scriptures. By the Rev. J. B. Bagshawe. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- The Catechism made Easy. By Rev. H. Gibson. 12mo., Vol. I. (out of print); Vol. II., 4s.; Vol. III., 4s.
- Lessons on Christian Doctrine. 18mo., 1*d.*

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Catechisms—General Catechism of the Christian Doctrine.**
By the Right Rev. Bishop Poirier. 18mo., 9d.
_____. By Dr. Butler. 32mo., 1st, 1*d.*; 18mo., 2nd, 1*d.*; 3rd, 1*d.*
_____. By Dr. Doyle. 18mo., 1*d.*
Fleury's Historical Complete Edition. 18mo., 1*d.*
_____. Frassineti's Dogmatic. 12mo., 3*s.*
_____. of the Council. 12mo., 2*d.*
- Catherine Hamilton. By M. F. S. 12mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*; gilt, 3*s.*
Catherine Grown Older. By M. F. S. 12mo., 2*s.* 6*d.*; gilt, 3*s.*
Catholic Calendar. Yearly. 12mo., 6*d.*
Catholic Hours. *See* Beste (J. R. Digby).
Catholic Piety. *See* Prayer Books, page 30.
Catholic Sick and Benefit Club. *See* Richardson (Rev. R.).
CHALLONER (Bishop), Grounds of Catholic Doctrine.
Large type edition. 18mo., 4*d.*
_____. Memoirs of Missionary Priests. 8vo., 6*s.*
_____. Think Well on't. 18mo., 2*d.*; cloth, 6*d.*
Chances of War. An Irish Tale. By A. Whitelock. 8vo., 5*s.*
CHARDON (Abbe), Memoirs of a Guardian Angel.
12mo., 4*s.*
Chats about the Rosary. *See* Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours.
CHAUGY (Mother Frances Magdalen de), Lives of the First Religious of the Visitation. With Two Photographic Portraits. 2 vols., 12mo., 10*s.*
Child (The). *See* Dupanloup (Mgr.).
Children of Mary in the World, Association of. 32mo., 1*d.*
Choir, Catholic, Manual. By C. B. Lyons. 12mo., 1*s.*
Christian Armed. *See* Passionist Fathers.
CHRISTIAN BROTHERS' Reading Books.
Christian Doctrine, Lessons on. 18mo., 1*d.*
Christian Duties of a. By Ven. de la Salle. 12mo., 2*s.*
Christian Politeness. By the same Author. 18mo., 1*s.*
Christian Teacher. By the same Author. 18mo., 1*s.* 8*d.*
Christmas Offering. 32mo., 1*s.* a 100; or 7*s.* 6*d.* for 1000.
Christmas (The First) for our dear Little Ones. 15 Illustrations. 4*t.*, 5*s.*
Chronological Sketches. *See* Murray Lane (H.).
Church Defence. *See* Marshall (T. W. M.).
Church History. By Alzog. 8vo., 3 vols. each 20*s.*
_____. By Darras. 4 vols., 8vo., 4*s.*
_____. Compendium. By Noethen. 12mo., 8*s.*
_____. for Schools. By Noethen. 12mo., 5*s.* 6*d.*
Church of England and its Defenders. *See* Brownlow (Rev.).
Cistercian Legends of the XIII. Century. *See* Collins (Fr.).
Cistercian Order: its Mission and Spirit. *See* Collins (Fr.).
Civilization and the See of Rome. *See* Montagu (Lord).
Clare (Sister Mary Cherubini) of S. Francis, Life of. Preface by Lady Herbert. With Portrait. 12mo., 3*s.* 6*d.*
Cloister Legends; or, Convents and Monasteries in the Olden Time. 12mo., 4*s.*

- COGERY (A.), Third French Course, with Vocabulary. 12mo., 2s.
- COLLINS (Rev. Fr.), Cistercian Legends of the XIII. Century. 12mo., 3s.
- Cistercian Order: its Mission and Spirit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Easy Way to God. Translated from the Latin of Cardinal Bona. 12mo., 3s.
- Spiritual Conferences on the Mysteries of Faith and the Interior Life. 12mo., 5s.
- COLOMBIERE (Father Claude de la), The Sufferings of Our Lord. Sermons preached in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in the year 1677. Preface by Fr. Doyotte, S.J. 18mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; red edges, 2s.
- Colombini (B. Giovanni), Life of. By Belcari. Translated from the editions of 1541 and 1832. With Portrait. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Columbkille, or Columba (S.), Life and Prophecies of. By St. Adamnan. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Comedy of Convocation in the English Church. Edited by Archdeacon Chasuble. 8vo., 2s. 6d. See page 19.
- COMERFORD (Rev. P.), Handbook of the Confraternity of the Sacred Heart. 18mo., 3d.
- Month of May for all the Faithful; or, a Practical Life of the Blessed Virgin. 32mo., 1s.
- Pleadings of the Sacred Heart. 18mo., 1s.; gilt, 2s.; with the Handbook of the Confraternity, 1s. 6d.
- COMPTON (Herbert), Semi-Tropical Trifles. 12mo., boards, 1s.; extra cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Conferences. See Collins, Lacordaire, Mermillod, Ravignan.
- Confession, Auricular. By Rev. Dr. Melia. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
- Confession and Holy Communion: Young Catholic's Guide. By Dr. Kenny. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.; red edges, 9d.; French morocco, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d.
- Confidence in God. By Cardinal Manning. 16mo., 1s.
- Confidence in the Mercy of God. By Mgr. Languet. Translated by Abbot Burder. 12mo., 3s.
- Confirmation, Instructions for the Sacrament of. A very complete book. 18mo., 6d.
- CONSCIENCE (Hendrick), The Amulet. 12mo., 4s.
- Count Hugo, of Graenhove. 12mo., 4s.
- The Fisherman's Daughter. 12mo., 4s.
- Happiness of being Rich. 12mo., 4s.
- Ludovic and Gertrude. 12mo., 4s.
- The Village Innkeeper. 12mo., 4s.
- Young Doctor. 12mo., 4s.
- Consoler (The). Translated by Abbot Burder. 12mo., 4s. 6d. and 5s.
- Consoling Thoughts. See Francis of Sales (S.).
- Contemplations on the most Holy Sacrament of the Altar. 18mo., 1s. and 2s.; red edges, 2s. 6d.
- Continental Fish Cook. By M. J. N. de Frederic. 18mo., 1s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Convent Martyr; or, "Callista." By the Rev. Dr. Newman. Dramatised by Rev. Dr. Husenbeth. 12mo., 2s.
- Convent Prize Book. By Mme. Agnew. 12mo., 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.
- Conversion of the Teutonic Race. By Mrs. Hope. 2 vols. 12mo., 10s.
- Convocation, Comedy of. By the Author of "The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago." 8vo. 2s. 6d.
- Convocation in Crown and Council. See Manning (Cardinal).
- CORTES (John Denoso), Essays on Catholicism, Liberalism, and Socialism. Translated from the Spanish by Rev. W. Macdonald. 12mo., 6s.
- Count Hugo of Graenhouve. By Conscience. 12mo., 4s.
- Crests, The Book of Family. Comprising nearly every bearing and its blazonry, Surnames of Bearers, Dictionary of Mottoes, British and Foreign Orders of Knighthood, Glossary of Terms, and upwards of 4,000 Engravings, Illustrative of Peers, Baronets, and nearly every Family bearing Arms in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, and the Colonies, &c. 2 vols., 12mo., 24s.
- Crown of Jesus. See Prayer Books, page 31.
- Crucifixion, The. A large picture for School walls, 2s.
- CULPEPPER. An entirely new edition of Brook's Family Herbal 12mo., 3s. 6d.; coloured plates, 5s. 6d.
- CUSACK (M. F.):—Sister Mary Francis Clare.
- Book of the Blessed Ones. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 - Devotions for Public and Private Use at the Way of the Cross. Illustrated. 32mo., 1s.; red edges, 1s. 6d.
 - Father Mathew, Life of. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 - Ireland, Illustrated History of. 8vo., 12s.
 - Ireland, Patriot's History of. 18mo., 2s.
 - Jesus and Jerusalem; or, the Way Home. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 - Joseph (S.), Life of. 32mo., 6d.; cloth, 1s.
 - Mary O'Hagan, Abbess and Foundress of the Convent of Poor Clares, Kenmare. 8vo., 6s.
 - Memorare Mass. 32mo., 2d.
 - Ned Rusheen. 12mo., 6s.
 - Nun's Advice to her Girls. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
 - O'Connell; his Life and Times. 2 vols. 8vo., 18s.
 - Patrick (S.), Life of. 8vo., 6s., gilt, 10s.; 32mo., 6d.; cloth, 1s. Illustrated by Doyle (large edition), 40s., 20s.
 - Patrick's (S.) Manual. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
 - Pilgrim's Way to Heaven. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
 - Stations of the Cross, for Public and Private Use. Illustrated. 16mo., 1s.; red edges, 1s. 6d.
 - The Liberator; his Public Speeches and Letters. 2 vols. 8vo., 18s.
 - Woman's Work in Modern Society. 8vo., 4s. 6d.
- Daily Exercises. See Prayer Books, page 30.
- DALTON (Canon), Sermon on Death of Provost Husenbeth. 8vo., 6d.

- DARRAS (Abbe), General History of the Catholic Church.** 4 vols., 8vo., 48s.
Daughter (A) of S. Dominick : (Bells of the Sanctuary). By Grace Ramsay. 12mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.; better bound, 2s.
DEAN (Rev. J. Joy), Devotion to Sacred Heart. 12mo., 3s.
DECHAMPS (Mgr.), The Life of Pleasure. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Defence of the Roman Church. See Gueranger.
DEHAM (Rev. F.) Sacred Heart of Jesus, offered to the Piety of the Young engaged in Study. 32mo., 6d.
Diary of a Confessor of the Faith. 12mo., 1s.
Directorium Asceticum. By Scaramelli. 4 vols., 12mo., 24s.
DIXON (Fr., O.P.) Albert the Great: his Life and Scholastic Labours. From original documents. By Dr. Joachim Sighart. With Photographic Portrait. 8vo.
 ——— **Life of St. Vincent Ferrer.** From the French of Rev. Fr. Pradel. With a Photograph. 12mo., 5s.
Dove of the Tabernacle. By Rev. T. H. Kinane. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
DOYLE (Canon, O.S.B.), Life of Gregory Lopez, the Hermit. With a Photographic Portrait. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
DOYLE (Dr.), Catechism. 18mo., 1½d.
DOYOTTE (Rev. Fr., S.J.), Elevations to the Heart of Jesus. 12mo., 3s.
 ——— **Sufferings of Our Lord.** See Columbiere (Fr.) [2s.
DRAMAS—Convent Martyr; or, "Callista" dramatised. 12mo.,
 ——— Ernscliff Hall (Girls, 3 Acts). 12mo., 6d.
 ——— Expiation (Boys, 3 Acts). 12mo., 2s.
 ——— Filiola (Girls, 4 Acts). 12mo., 6d.
 ——— He would be a Lord (Boys, 3 Acts), a Comedy. 12mo., 2s.
 ——— Major John Andre [Historical] (Boys, 5 Acts), 2s.
 ——— Reverse of the Medal (Girls, 4 Acts). 12mo., 6d.
 ——— Shandy Maguire (Boys, 5 Acts), a Farce. 12mo., 1s.
 ——— St. Louis in Chains (Boys, 5 Acts). 12mo., 2s.
 ——— St. William of York (Boys, 2 Acts). 12mo., 6d.
 ——— The Duchess Transformed. By W. H. A. (Girls, 1 Act). A Comedy. 12mo., 6d.
 ——— See Shakespeare.
Duchess (The), Transformed. A Comedy. By W. H. A. (Girls, 1 Act). 12mo., 6d.
DUMESNIL (Abbe), Recollections of the Reign of Terror. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
DUPANLOUP (Mgr.), Contemporary Prophecies. 8vo., 1s.
 ——— **The Child.** Translated by Kate Anderson. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Dusseldorf Gallery. 357 Engravings. Large 4to. Half-morocco, gilt, £5 5s. nett.
 ——— 134 Engravings. Large 8vo. Half-morocco, gilt, 42s.
Dusseldorf Society for the Distribution of Good Religious Pictures. Subscription, 8s. 6d. a year. Catalogue 3d.
Duties of a Christian. By Ven. de la Salle. 12mo., 2s.
Eagle and Dove. See Bowles (Emily).

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- E. A. M.** Countess Adelstan. 12mo., Is. and 2s. 6d.
— Paul Seignoret. 12mo., 6d., Is., Is. 6d., 2s.
— Regina Sæculorum. 12mo., Is. and 3s.
— Rosalie. 12mo., Is., Is. 6d., 2s.
Early English Literature. *See* Tame (C.E.).
Easy Way to God. By Cardinal Bona. 12mo., 3s.
Ebba; or, the Supernatural Power of the Blessed Sacra-
ment. *This book is in French.* 12mo., Is. 6d.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
Edmund (S.) of Canterbury, Life of. From the French of
Rev. Fr. Massée, S.J. By George White. 18mo., Is. & Is. 6d.
Electricity and Magnetism; an Enquiry into the Nature
and Results of. By Amyclanus. Illustrated. 12mo., 6s. 6d.
England (History of). A Catechism. By E. Chapman. 18mo., Is.
English Religion (The). By Arthur Marshall. 8vo., Is.
Epistles and Gospels. Good clear type edition, 32mo., 6d.; roan,
Is. 6d.; larger edition, 18mo., French morocco, 2s.
—, Explanation of. By Rev. F. Goffine. Illustrated, 8vo., 7s.
Epistles of S. Paul, Exposition of. *See* MacEvilly (Rt. Rev. Dr.).
Ernscliff Hall. A Drama in Three Acts, for Girls. 12mo., 6d.
Essays on Catholicism. *See* Cortes.
Eucharistic Year; Preparation and Thanksgiving for Holy Com-
munion. 18mo., 4s.
Eucharist (The) and the Christian Life. *See* La Bouillerie.
Europe, Modern, History of. With Preface by Bishop Weathers.
12mo., 5s.; roan, 5s. 6d.; cloth gilt, 6s.
Expiation (The). A Drama in Three Acts, for Boys. 12mo., 2s.
Extemporaneous Speaking. By Rev. T. J. Potter. 12mo., 5s.
Extracts from the Fathers and other Writers of the
Church. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
Fairy Tales for Little Children. By Madeleine Howley Meehan.
12mo., 6d.; stronger bound, Is. and Is. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
Faith of Our Fathers. *See* Gibbons (Rt. Rev. Dr.).
Fall, Redemption, and Exaltation of Man. 12mo., Is.
Familiar Instructions on Christian Truths. By a Priest.
12mo. 1. Detraction 4d. 2. Dignity of the Priesthood, 3d
3. Hearing the Word of God, 3d.
Farleyes of Farleye. By Rev. T. J. Potter. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Father Mathew (Life of). By M. F. Cusack. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
**FAVRE (Abbe), Heaven Opened by the Practice of Fre-
quent Confession and Communion.** 12mo., 2s.; stronger
bound, 3s. 6d.; red edges, 4s.
Feasts (The) of Camelot, with the tales that were told
there. By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Festival Tales. By J. F. Waller, Esq. 12mo., 5s.
Filiola. A Drama in Four Acts, for Girls. 12mo., 6d.
First Apostles of Europe. *See* Hope (Mrs.).
First Communion and Confirmation Memorial. Beautifully
printed in gold and colours, folio, Is. each, or 9s. a dozen, nett.
First Religious of the Visitation of Holy Mary, Lives of.
With two Photographs. 2 vols., 12mo., 10s.

- Fisherman's Daughter. By Conscience. 12mo., 4s.
FLEET (Charles), Tales and Sketches. 8vo., 2s.; stronger bound, 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s. 6d.
FLEURIOT (Mlle. Zenalde), Eagle and Dove. Translated by Emily Bowles. 12mo., 2s. 6d. and 5s.
FLEURY'S Historical Catechism. Large edition, 12mo., 1*id.*
 Florence O'Neill. *See* Stewart (Agnes M.).
 Flowers of Christian Wisdom. *See* Henry (Lucien).
 Fluffy. A Tale for Boys. By M. F. S. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 Following of Christ. *See* A'Kempis.
 Foreign Books. *See* R. W.'s Catalogue of Foreign Books.
 Foster Sisters. By Agnes M. Stewart. 12mo., 5s.; gilt edges, 6s.
 Francis of Assisi (S.) Life of. By S. Bonaventure. Translated by Miss Lockhart. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
FRANCIS OF SALES (S.), Consoling Thoughts. 18mo., 2s.
 —— The Mystical Flora; or, the Christian Life under the Emblem of Saints. 4to., 8s.
 —— Necessity of Purifying the Soul. *See* Blyth (Rev. Fr.).
 —— Sweetness of Holy Living. 18mo., 1s.; levant, 3s.
 Franciscan Annals and Monthly Bulletin of the Third Order of St. Francis. 8vo., 6d.
FRANCO (Rev. S.) Devotions to the Sacred Heart. 12mo., 4s.; cheap edition, 2s.
 Frank O'Meara; *see* Artist of Collingwood.
FRASSINETTI—Dogmatic Catechism. 12mo., 3s.
FREDERIC (M. J. N. de), Continental Fish Cook; or, a Few Hints on Magre Dinners. 18mo., 1s., soiled covers, 6d.
 Freemasons, Irish and English, and their Foreign Brothers. 2s.
 Garden of the Soul. *See* page 32.
 Garden (Little) of the Soul. *See* page 30.
GAYRARD (Mme. Paul) Harmony of the Passion of Our Lord. Compiled from the four Gospels, in Latin and French. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
 General Questions in History, &c. *See* Stewart (A. M.).
 German (S.), Life of. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
GIBBONS (Rt. Rev. James, D.D.), The Faith of Our Fathers; Being a Plain Exposition and Vindication of the Church Founded by our Lord Jesus Christ. 12mo., 4s. Paper covers, 2s. nett.
GIBSON (Rev. H.), Catechism made Easy. 12mo., Vol. I. (out of print); Vol. II., 4s.; Vol. III., 4s.
GILMOUR (Rev. R.), Bible History for the Use of Schools. Illustrated. 12mo., 2s.
 God our Father. By a Father of the Society of Jesus. 12mo., 4s.
GOFFINE (Rev. F.), Explanation of the Epistles and Gospels. Illustrated. 8vo., 7s.
 Gold and Alloy in the Devout Life. *See* Monsabré.
 Good Thoughts for Priests and People. *See* Noethen.
 Gospels, An Exposition of. *See* MacEvilly (Most Rev. Dr.).
 Grace before and after Meals. 32mo., *id.*; cloth, 2d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- GRACE RAMSAY.** A Daughter of S. Dominick (Bells of the Sanctuary, No. 4). 12mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d. and 2s.
- GRACIAN** (Fr. Baltasar), *Sanctuary Meditations for Priests and Frequent Communicants.* Translated from the Spanish by Mariana Monteiro. 12mo., 4s.
- GRANT** (Bishop), *Pastoral on St. Joseph.* 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.
- Gregorian, or Plain Chant and Modern Music.** By the Professor of Music, All Hallows College, Dublin. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
- Gregory Lopez, the Hermit, Life of.** By Canon Doyle, O.S.B. With a Photographic Portrait. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Grounds of the Catholic Doctrine.** By Bishop Challoner. Large type edition, 18mo., 4d.
- Guardian Angel, Memoirs of a.** By Abbé Chardon. 12mo., 4s.
- GUERANGER** (Dom), *Defence of the Roman Church against F. Gratry.* Translated by Canon Woods. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
- Guide to Sacred Eloquence.** See *Passionist Fathers.*
- HALL** (E.), *Munster Firesides; or, the Barrys of Beigh.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Happiness of Being Rich.** By Conscience. 12mo., 4s.
- Happiness of Heaven.** By a Father of the Society of Jesus. 12mo. 4s.
- Harmony of Anglicanism.** By T. W. Marshall. 8vo., 2s. 6d.
- HAY** (Bishop), *Sincere Christian.* 18mo., 2s. 6d.
- *Devout Christian.* 18mo., 2s. 6d.
- He would be a Lord.** A Comedy in 3 Acts. (Boys). 12mo., 2s.
- Heaven Opened by the Practice of frequent Confession and Holy Communion.** By the Abbé Favre. 12mo., 2s.; stronger bound, 3s. 6d.; red edges, 4s.
- HEDLEY** (Bishop), *Five Sermons—Light of the Holy Spirit in the World.* 12mo., 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. Separately:—
Revelation, Mystery, Dogma and Creeds, Infallibility, 1d. each.
- HEIGHAM** (John), *A Devout Exposition of the Holy Mass.* Edited by Austin John Rowley, Priest. 12mo., 4s.
- Henri V. (Comte de Chambord).** See *Walsh (W. H.).*
- HENRY** (Lucien), *Flowers of Christian Wisdom.* 18mo., 2s.; red edges, 2s. 6d.
- Herbal, Brook's Family.** 12mo., 3s. 6d.; coloured plates, 5s. 6d.
- HERBERT** (Wallace), *My Dream and Verses Miscellaneous.* With a frontispiece. 12mo., 5s.
- *The Angels and the Sacraments.* 16mo., 1s.
- HERGENRÖTHER** (Dr.), *Anti-Janus.* Translated by Professor Robertson. 12mo., 6s.
- HERVEY** (Eleanora Louisa), *My Godmother's Stories from many Lands.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- *Our Legends and Lives.* 12mo., 6s.
- *Rest, on the Cross.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- *The Feasts of Camelot, with the Tales that were told there.* 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- HILL** (Rev. Fr.), *Elements of Philosophy, comprising Logic and General Principles of Metaphysics.* 8vo., 6s.

- Holy Childhood. A book of simple Prayers and Instructions for very little children. 32mo., 1s.; gilt; 1s. 6d.
- Holy Communion. By Hubert Lebon. 12mo., 4s.
- Holy Family, Confraternity of. *See* Manning (Card.).
- Holy Places: their Sanctity and Authenticity. *See* Philpin.
- Holy Readings. *See* Beste (J. R. Digby Esq.).
- Homely Discourse: Mary Magdalen. 12mo., 6d.
- HOPE (Mrs.), The First Apostles of Europe. Originally published under the title of "The Conversion of the Teutonic Race." 2 vols., 12mo., 10s.
- Horace. Literally translated by Smart. 18mo., 2s.
- HUGUET (Pere), The Power of S. Joseph. Meditations and Devotions. Translated by Clara Mulholland. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
- HUMPHREY (Rev. W., S.J.), The Panegyrics of Fr. Segneri, S.J. Translated from the original Italian. With a Preface by the Rev. W. Humphrey, S.J. 12mo., 5s.
- HUSENBETH (Rev. Dr.), Convent Martyr. 12mo., 2s.
- History of the Blessed Virgin. Translated from Orsini. Illustrated. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Life and Sufferings of Our Lord. By Rev. H. Rutter. Illustrated. 12mo., 5s.
- Life of Mgr. Weedall. 8vo., 1s.
- Little Office of the Immaculate Conception. In Latin and English. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.; roan, 1s.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d.
- Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes. 18mo., 6d.; with the Novena, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d. Novena, separately, 4d.; Litany, 1d.
- Roman Question. 8vo., 6d.
- Husenbeth (Provost), Sermon on his Death. By Very Rev. Canon Dalton. 8vo. (d.)
- HUTCH (Rev. W., D.D.), Nano Nangle, her Life and her Labours. 12mo., 7s. 6d.
- Hymn Book. 136 Hymns, 32mo., 1d.; cloth, 2d.
- Iceland (Three Sketches of Life in). By Carl Andersen. 12mo.
- IGNATIUS (S.), Spiritual Exercises. By Fr. Bellecio, S.J. Translated by Dr. Hutch. 18mo., 2s.
- Ignatius (S.), Cure of Blindness through the Intercession of Our Lady and S. Ignatius. 12mo., 2d.
- Illustrated Manual of Prayers. 32mo., 3d.; cloth, 4d.
- Imitation of Christ. *See* A'Kempis.
- Immaculate Conception, Definition of. 12mo., 6d.
- Little Office of. *See* Husenbeth (Rev. Dr.).
- Little Office of, in Latin and English. Translation approved by the Bp. of Clifton. 32mo., 3d.
- Indulgences. *See* Maurel (Rev. F. A.).
- Infallibility of the Pope. By the Author of "The Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago." 8vo., 1s.
- In Suffragiis Sanctorum. Commem. S. Josephi; Commem. S. Georgii. Set of 5 for 4d.
- Insula Sanctorum: The Island of Saints. 12mo., 1s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Insurrection of '98. By Rev. P. F. Kavanagh. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- IOTA. The Adventures of a Protestant in Search of a Religion : being the Story of a late Student of Divinity at Bunyan Baptist College ; a Nonconformist Minister, who seceded to the Catholic Church. 12mo., 5s.; cheap edition, 3s.
- Ireland (History of). By Miss Cusack. 18mo., 2s. A larger edition, illustrated by Doyle. 8vo., 11s.
- Ireland (History of). By T. Young. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
- Ireland Ninety Years ago. 12mo., 1s.
- Irish Board Reading Books.
- Irish Intermediate Education. 12mo., 2s.
- Irish Monthly. 8vo. 4 Vols., 7s. 6d. each.
- Irish, Self-Instruction in. By Rev. Ulick J. Bourke. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Italian Revolution (The History of). The History of the Barricades (1796-1849). By Keyes O'Clery, M.P. 8vo., 7s. 6d.
- JACOB (W. J., Esq.), Personal Recollections of Rome. 8vo., 6d.
- JENKINS (Rev. O. L.) Student's Handbook of British and American Literature. 12mo., 8s.
- Jesuits (The), and other Essays. See Nevin (Willis, Esq.)
- Jesus and Jerusalem ; or, the Way Home. See Cusack (Miss).
- John of God (S.), Life of. With Photographic Portrait. 12mo., 5s.
- Joseph (S.), Life of. By Miss Cusack. 32mo., 6d.; cloth, 1s.
- Novena of Meditations in Honour of St. Joseph. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
- Novena to, with a Pastoral by the late Bishop Grant. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.
- Power of. See Huguet.
- See Leaflets.
- Journey of Sophia and Eulalie to the Palace of True Happiness. From the French by Rev. Fr. Bradbury. 12mo., 1s. 6d.; better bound, 3s. 6d.
- KAVANAGH (Rev. P. F.), Insurrection of '98. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
- Keighley Hall, and other Tales. By E. King. 18mo., 6d.; cloth, 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
- KENNY (Dr.), New Year's Gift to our Heavenly Father. 32mo., 4d.
- Young Catholic's Guide to Confession and Holy Communion. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.; red edges, 9d.; roan, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d.
- KERNEY (M. T.), Compendium of History. 12mo., 5s.
- Key of Heaven. See Prayers, page 31.
- KINANE (Rev. T. H.), Dove of the Tabernacle. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
- KING (Elizabeth), Keighley Hall, and other Tales. 18mo., 6d.; cloth, 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
- The Silver Teapot. 18mo., 4d.
- Knight of the Faith. See Laing (Rev. Dr.).

- LA BOUILLERIE** (Mgr. de), *The Eucharist and the Christian Life.* Translated by L. C. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- LACORDAIRE'S** *Conferences* 12mo., God, 6s.; God and Man, 6s.; Jesus Christ, 6s.; Life, 3s. 6d.
- Lady Mildred's Housekeeper, A Few Words from** 12mo., 2d.
- LAIDLAW** (Mrs. Stuart), *Letters to my God-child.* No. 4. On the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin. 16mo., 4d.
- LAING** (Rev. Dr.), *Blessed Virgin's Root traced in the Tribe of Ephraim.* 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Descriptive Guide to the Mass. 12mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.
- Knight of the Faith. 12mo., 4s.
- Absurd Protestant Opinions concerning *Intention*, and Spelling Book of Christian Philosophy. 4d.
- Catholic, not Roman Catholic. 4d.
- Challenge to the Churches of England, Scotland, and all Protestant Denominations. 1d.
- Favourite Fallacy about Private Judgment and Inquiry. 1d.
- Protestantism against the Natural Moral Law. 1d.
- What is Christianity? 6d.
- Whence does the Monarch get his right to Rule? 2s. 6d.
- LAMBILOTTE** (Pere), *The Consoler.* Translated by Abbot Burder. 12mo., 4s. 6d.; red edges, 5s.
- LANGUET** (Mgr.), *Confidence in the Mercy of God.* Translated by Abbot Burder. 12mo., 3s.
- Last of the Catholic O'Malleys. By M. Taunton. 18mo., 1s. 6d.; stronger bound, 2s.
- Leaflets. 1d. each, or 1s. 2d. per 100 post free.
- Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart. 6s. per 100.
- Act of Reparation to the Sacred Heart.
- Archconfraternity of the Agonising Heart of Jesus and the Compassionate Heart of Mary: Prayers for the Dying.
- Archconfraternity of Our Lady of Angels.
- Ditto, Rules.
- Christmas Offering (or 7s. 6d. a 1000).
- Devotions to S. Joseph.
- Explanation of the Medal or Cross of St. Benedict. 6s. per 100.
- Gospel according to St. John, *in Latin.* 1s. 6d. per 100.
- Indulgenced Prayers for Souls in Purgatory.
- Indulgenced Prayers for the Rosary of the Dead. 6s. per 100.
- Indulgenced Prayer before a Crucifix. 6s. per 100.
- Indulgences attached to Medals, Crosses, Statues, &c., by the Blessing of His Holiness and of those privileged to give his Blessing.
- Intentions for Indulgences.
- Litany of Our Lady of Angels.
- Litany of S. Joseph.
- Litany of Resignation.
- Litany of the Seven Dolours. 6s. per 100.
- Miraculous Prayer—August Queen of Angels.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Picture of Crucifixion, "I thirst" (or 7s. 6d. a 1000).
- Prayer for One's Confessor.
- Prayer to S. Philip Neri. 6s. per 100.
- Prayers, to be said three days before and three days after Holy Communion. 6s. per 100.
- Union of our Life with the Passion of our Lord by a daily Offering.
- Visit to the Blessed Sacrament. 2s. 6d. per 100.
- League of the Cross.** By Fr. Richardson. 32mo., id.
- LEBON** (Hubert), *Holy Communion—It is my Life!* 12mo., 4s.
- Legends of the Saints. By M. F. S. 16mo., 3s. 6d.
- Lenten Thoughts. By Bishop Amherst. 18mo., 2s.; red edges, 2s. 6d.
- Letters to my God-child. Letter IV. On the Veneration of the Blessed Virgin. By Mrs. Stuart Laidlaw. 16mo., 4d.
- Letter to George Augustus Simcox. 8vo., 6d.
- Life in the Cloister. By Miss Stewart. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Life of Pleasure. By Mgr. Dechamps. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
- Light of the Holy Spirit in the World. Five Sermons, by Bishop Hedley. 12mo., 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
- LIGUORI** (S.), Fourteen Stations of the Cross. 18mo., id.
- _____
Officium Parvum. Latin and English. With Novena. 12mo., 1s.; cloth, 2s.; red edges, 3s.
- _____
Selva; or, a Collection of Matter for Sermons. 12mo., 5s.
- _____
Way of Salvation. 32mo., 1s.
- Lily of S. Joseph: A little manual of Prayers and Hymns for Mass. 64mo., 2d.; cloth, 3d., 4d., and 6d.; gilt, 8d.; roan, 1s.; French morocco, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s.; gilt, 2s. 6d.
- Limerick Veteran; or, the Foster Sisters. *See* Stewart (Agnes M.).
- Literature, Philosophy of, An Essay contributing to a. By B. A. M. 12mo., 6s.
- Literature, Student's Handbook. *See* Jenkins (Rev. O. L.).
- Little Hunchback. By Countess Ségrur. 12mo., 3s.
- Little Prayer Book. 32mo., 3d.
- Lives of the First Religious of the Visitation of Holy Mary. By Mother Frances Magdalen de Chaugy. With 2 Photographs. 2 vols., 12mo., 10s.
- Lost Children of Mount St. Bernard. 18mo., 6d.
- Louis (St.), in Chains. Drama, Five Acts (Boys). 12mo., 2s.
- Lourdes, Our Blessed Lady of. By Rev. Dr. Husenbeth. 18mo., 6d.; with the Novena, 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
- _____
Novena of, for the use of the Sick. 4d.
- _____
Litany of. Id. each.
- _____
Photograph, Carte de Visite, 1s.; Cabinet, 2s.; 4to., 4s.
- Ludovic and Gertrude. By Conscience. 12mo., 4s.
- LYONS** (C. B.), Catholic Choir Manual. 12mo., 1s.
- _____
Catholic Psalmist. 12mo., 4s. [18mo., 2s.]
- MACDANIEL** (M. A.), Month of May for Interior Souls. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.
- _____
Novena to S. Joseph. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.
- _____
Road to Heaven. A Game. 3s. 6d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- MACEVILLY** (Bishop), *Exposition of the Epistles of St. Paul and of the Catholic Epistles.* 2 vols., large 8vo. 18s.
 ——— *Exposition of the Gospels.* Large 8vo., Vol. I., 12s. 6d.
- MACLEOD** (Rev. X. D.), *Devotion to Our Lady in North America.* 8vo., 5s.
- Major John Andre.** An Historical Drama for Boys. Five Acts. 12mo., 2s.
- MANNING** (Cardinal), *Church, Spirit and the Word.* 8vo., 6d.
 ——— *Confidence in God.* 16mo., 1s.
 ——— *Confraternity of the Holy Family.* 8vo., 3d.
 ——— *Convocation in Crown and Council.* 8vo., 6d.
 ——— *Glory of S. Vincent de Paul.* 12mo., 1s.
 ——— *Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes.* 12mo., 1s.
- MANNOCK** (Patrick), *Origin and Progress of Religious Orders, and Happiness of a Religious State.* Translated from the Latin of Rev. F. Platius. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- Manual of Catholic Devotions.** See Prayers, page 31.
- Manual of Devotions in honour of Our Lady of Sorrows.** Compiled by the Clergy at St. Patrick's, Soho. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
- Manual of the Cross and Passion.** See Passionist Fathers.
- Manual of the Seven Dolours.** See Passionist Fathers.
- Manual of the Sisters of Charity.** 18mo., 6s.
- Margarethe Verfassen.** Translated from the German by Mrs. Smith Sligo. 12mo., 1s. and 3s.; gilt, 3s. 6d.
- Margaret Roper.** By A. M. Stewart. 12mo., 6s.; extra, 7s.
- MARQUIGNY** (Pere), *Life and Letters of Countess Adelstan.* 12mo., 1s. and 2s. 6d.
- MARSHALL** (A. J. B., Esq.), *Comedy of Convocation in the English Church.* 8vo., 2s. 6d. *
 ——— *English Religion.* 8vo., 1s.
 ——— *Infallibility of the Pope.* 8vo., 1s. *
 ——— *Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago.* 8vo., 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d. *
 ——— *Reply to the Bishop of Ripon's Attack on the Catholic Church.* 8vo., 6d. *
- MARSHALL** (T. W. M., Esq.), *Harmony of Anglicanism—Church Defence.* 8vo., 2s. 6d. *
- MARSHALL** (Rev. W.), *The Doctrine of Purgatory.* 12mo., 1s.
- MARTIN** (Rev. E. R.), *Rule of the Pope-King.* 8vo., 6d.
- Mary, A Remembrance of.** 18mo., 2s. ; roan, 3s. ; calf, 4s. 6d.
- Mary Christina of Savoy** (Venerable). 18mo., 6d.
- Mary Magdalene—A Homely Discourse.** 12mo., 6d.
- Mass, Descriptive Guide to.** By Rev. Dr. Laing. 12mo., 1s., or stronger bound, 1s. 6d.
- Mass, Devotions for.** Very Large type, 18mo., 2d.
- Mass, Life of our Lord in the.** See Bagshawe (Bishop).

The 5 () in one Volume, 8vo., 6s.*

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Mass, Memorare.** By Miss Cusack. 32mo., 2d.
Mass (The) a Devout Method. See Tronson.
Mass, A Devout Exposition of. See Rowley (Rev. A. J.).
Mathew (Father), Life of. By Miss Cusack. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
MAUREL (Rev. F. A.), Christian Instructed in the Nature and Use of Indulgences. 12mo., 3s.
Maxims of the Kingdom of Heaven. 12mo., 5s.; red edges, 5s. 6d.; calf or mor., 10s. 6d. Old Testament, 1s. 6d.; Gospels, 1s.
May, Month of, for all the Faithful. By Rev. P. Comerford. 32mo., 1s. [18mo., 2s.
May, Month of, for Interior Souls. By M. A. Macdaniel.
May, Month of, principally for the use of Religious Communities. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
May Readings for the Feasts of Our Lady. By Rev. A. P. Bethell. 18mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.
M'CORRY (Rev. Dr.), Monks of Iona and the Duke of Argyll. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
— **Rome, Past, Present, Future.** 8vo., 6d.
MEEHAN (M. H.), Fairy Tales for Little Children. 12mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
MELIA (Rev. Dr.), Auricular Confession. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Men and Women of the English Reformation from the days of Wolsey to the death of Cranmer. By S. H. Burke, M.A. 12mo., 2 Vols., 10s.; Vol. II., 5s.
MERMILLOD (Mgr.), The Supernatural Life. Translated from the French, with a Preface by Lady Herbert. 12mo., 5s.
M. F. S., Catherine Hamilton. 12mo., 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s.
— **Catherine Grown Older.** 12mo., 2s. 6d.; gilt, 3s.
— **Fluffy. A Tale for Boys.** 12mo., 3s. 6d.
— **Legends of the Saints.** 16mo., 3s. 6d.
— **Stories of Holy Lives.** 12mo., 3s. 6d.
— **Stories of Martyr Priests.** 12mo., 3s. 6d.
— **Stories of the Saints.** 12mo., 3s. 6d.; gilt, 4s. 6d.
— **Second Series.** 12mo., 3s. 6d.; gilt, 4s. 6d.
— **Story of the Life of S. Paul.** 12mo., 2s. 6d.
— **The Three Wishes. A Tale.** 12mo., 2s. 6d.
— **Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales.** 12mo., 3s.
Message from the Mother Heart of Mary. 18mo., 3d. and 6d.
MILES (G. H.), Truce of God. A Tale. 12mo., 4s.
MILNER (Bishop), Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. 32mo., 3d.; cloth, 6d.; gilt, 1s.
Miniature Prayer Book. See Prayers, page 31.
Miracles. A New Miracle at Rome, through the intercession of B. John Berchmans. 12mo., 2d.
— **Cure of Blindness,** through the intercession of Our Lady and S. Ignatius. 12mo., 2d.
Mirror of Faith: your likeness in it. See Passionist Fathers.
Misgivings—Convictions. 12mo., 6d.
Missal. See Prayers, page 31.
Modern History and Biography, Lectures on. See Robertson.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Monastic Legends.** By E. G. K. Browne. 8vo., 6d.
MONK (Rev. T. V.), **Daily Exercises.** See **Prayers**, page 30.
Monks of Iona and the Duke of Argyll. See **McCory.**
MONSABRE (Rev. Pere), **Gold and Alloy.** 12mo., 2s., 6d.
MONTAGU (Lord Robert), **Civilization and the See of Rome.** 8vo., 6d.
Montalembert (Count de). By George White. 12mo., 6d.
Mr. Vernon. A Novel. 8vo., 3 vols., 8s.; or in 1 vol., 7s. 6d.
MULHOLLAND (Rosa), **Prince and Saviour : The Story of Jesus.** 12mo., Coloured Illustrations, 2s. 6d.; 32mo., 6d.
Multiplication Table, on a sheet. 3s. per 100.
Munster Firesides. By E. Hall. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
MURRAY-LANE (Chevalier H.), **Chronological Sketch of the Kings of England and the Kings of France.** 12mo., 2s. 6d.; or in 2 vols., 1s. 6d. each.
MUSIC : *Ave Maria*, for Four Voices. By W. Schulthes. 1s. 3d. Cæcilian Society. See Separate List.
Catholic Hymnal (English Words). For one, two, or four voices, with accompaniment. By Leopold de Prins. 4to., 2s.; bound, 3s.
Cor Jesu, Salus in Te sperantium. By W. Schulthes, 2s.; with Harp Accompaniment, 2s. 6d.; abridged, 3d.
Evening Hymn at the Oratory. By Rev. J. Nary. 3d.
Hymns. By F. Faber. Large size. 9d. each. Pilgrims of the Night—O Paradise—True Shepherd—Sweet Saviour—Souls of Men—I come to Thee—O God, whose Thoughts—Jesus, my Lord—O come to the Merciful—How gently flow—Our Heavenly Father.
Litanies (36) and Benediction Service. By W. Schulthes. 6s.
Litanies (6). By E. Leslie. 6d.
Litanies (18). By Rev. J. McCarthy. 1s. 3d.
Mass of the Holy Child Jesus. By W. Schulthes. 3s. The vocal part only, 4d.; or 3s. per doz. Cloth, 6d.; or 4s. 6d. per doz.
Ne proicias me a facie Tua. Motett for Four Voices. By W. Schulthes. 1s. 3d.
Oratory Hymns. By W. Schulthes. 2 vols., 8s.
Recordare. Oratorio Jeremiæ Prophetæ. By the same. 1s.
Regina Coeli. Motett for Four Voices. By W. Schulthes. 3s. Vocal Arrangement, 1s.
Twelve Latin Hymns. By W. Schulthes. 1s. 6d.
Veni Domine. Motett for Four Voices. By W. Schulthes. 2s. Vocal Arrangement, 6d.
Vespers and Benediction Service. Composed, and harmonized by Leopold de Prins. 4to., 3s. 6d..
 * * All the above (music) prices are nett.

My Conversion and Vocation. By Rev. Father Schouvaloff, Barnabite. Translated from the French, with an Appendix, by Rev. C. Tondini. 12mo., 5s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- My Dream ; and Verses Miscellaneous.** *See* Herbert.
My Godmother's Stories from many Lands. By Mrs. T. K. Hervey. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Mystical Flora of St. Francis de Sales. 4to., 8s.
NARY (Rev. J.) Evening Hymn at the Oratory. Music, 3d.
Nano Nangle ; her Life, her Labours, &c. *See* Hutch.
Necessity of Enquiry as to Religion. *See* Pye (Henry John).
Ned Rushen. By Miss Cusack. 12mo., 6s.
NEVIN (Willis, Esq.), The Jesuits, and other Essays. 12mo., 1s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
NEWMAN (Rev. Dr.), Historical Sketches, 3 vols., 18s.; Miracles, 6s.; Discussions and Arguments, 6s.; Miscellanies, 6s.; Critical and Historical Essays, 2 vols., 12s.; Callista, 5s. 6d.; Arians, 6s.; Idea of a University, 7s.; Tracts, Theological and Ecclesiastical, 8s.; Loss and Gain, 5s. 6d.; Certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans, second series, 5s. 6d.
— Characteristics from the Writings of. By W. S. Lilly. 12mo., 6s.
New Model for Youth ; or, Life of Richard Aloysius Pennefather. By one of his Masters. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
New Testament (Rheims), with Annotations, References, and Index. 12mo., 2s. 6d. Illustrated, large 4to., 7s. 6d.
New Year's Gift to Our Heavenly Father. 32mo., 4d.
Nicholas ; or, the Reward of a Good Action. 18mo., 6d.
NICHOLAS (T. L.), Forty Years of American Life. 12mo., 5s. [18mo., 6d.
Nina and Pippo, the Lost Children of Mt. St. Bernard.
NOETHEN'S (Rev. T.), Good Thoughts for Priests and People ; or, Short Meditations for every Day in the Year. 12mo., 8s.
— Compendium of the History of the Catholic Church. 12mo., 8s.
Noethen's History of the Catholic Church. 12mo., 5s. 6d.
Novena to Our Blessed Lady of Lourdes for the use of the Sick. 18mo., 4d.
Novena of Meditations in honour of St. Joseph, according to the method of St. Ignatius, preceded by a new method of hearing Mass according to the intentions of the Souls in Purgatory. 18mo., 1s. 6d.
Nun's Advice to her Girls. By Miss Cusack. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Occasional Prayers for Festivals. *See* Prayers, page 31.
O'CLERY (Keyes, M.P., K.S.G.), The History of the Italian Revolution. First Period—The Revolution of the Barricades (1796-1849). 8vo., 7s. 6d.
O'Connell : his Life and Times. *See* Cusack (M. F.).
O'Connell ; his Speeches and Letters. *See* Cusack (M. F.).
O'Hagan (Mary), Abbess and Foundress of the Convent of the Poor Clares. By Miss Cusack. 8vo., 6s.
O'MAHONY (D.P.M.), Rome semper eadem. 8vo., 1s. 6d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Oratorian Lives of the Saints.** With Portrait, 12mo., 5s. a. vol
 I. S. Bernardine of Siena, Minor Observantine.
 II. S. Philip Benizi, Fifth General of the Servites.
 III. S. Veronica Giuliani, and B. Battista Varani.
 IV. S. John of God. By Canon Cianfogni.
- Our Lady (Devotion to) in North America.** See Macleod.
- Our Lady's Lament.** See Tame (C.E.).
- Our Lady's Month.** By Rev. A. P. Bethell. 18mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.
- Our Legends and Lives.** By E. L. Hervey. 12mo., 6d.
- Our Lord's Life, Passion, Death, and Resurrection.** Translated from Ribadeneira. 12mo., 1s.
 —— By Rev. H. Rutter. Illustrated. 12mo., 5s.
- OXENHAM (H. N.), Dr. Pusey's Eirenicon considered in relation to Catholic Unity.** 8vo., 6d.
 —— Poems. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Oxford Undergraduate of Twenty Years Ago.** By a Bachelor of Arts. 8vo., 2s. 6d.; cloth, 3s. 6d.
- OZANAM (A. F.), Protestantism and Liberty.** Translated from the French by Wilfrid C. Robinson. 8vo., 1s.
- Pale (The) and the Septs.** A Romance of the Sixteenth Century. By Emelobie de Celsis. 2 vols., 12mo., 16s.
- Panegyrics of Fr. Segneri, S.J.** Translated from the original Italian. With a Preface, by Rev. W. Humphrey, S.J. 12mo., 5s.
- Paradise of God; or the Virtues of the Sacred Heart.** By Author of "God our Father," "Happiness of Heaven." 12mo., 4s.
- Paray le Monial, and Bl. Margaret Mary.** 18mo., 6d.
- Passion of Our Lord, Harmony of.** See Gayrard.
- PASSIONIST FATHERS:** —
- Christian Armed. 12mo., 1s. 6d.
 - Guide to Sacred Eloquence. 18mo., 2s.
 - Life of S. Paul of the Cross. 18mo., 3s.
 - Manual of the Cross and Passion. 32mo., 3s.
 - Manual of the Seven Dolors. 32mo., 1s. 6d.
 - Mirror of Faith. 12mo., 3s.
 - School of Jesus Crucified. 18mo., 5s.
- Pastor and People.** By Rev. T. J. Potter. 12mo., 5s.
- Path (The) of Mary.** By One of Her Loving Children. 12mo., 1s.
- Path to Paradise.** See Prayers, page 31.
- Patrick (S.); the Apostle of Ireland.** Who he was—where he came from—what he taught. 8vo., 1s.
- Patrick (S.), Life of.** 12mo., 1s.
- Patrick's (S.) Manual.** By Miss Cusack. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Patron Saints.** By E. A. Starr. Illustrated. 12mo., 10s.
- Paul of the Cross (S.), Life of.** See Passionist Fathers.
- Penitential Psalms.** See Blyth (Rev. F.).
- PENS, Washbourne's Free and Easy.** Fine, or Middle, or Broad Points, 1s. per gross.
- People's Martyr.** A Legend of Canterbury. 12mo., 4s.
- Percy Grange.** By Rev. T. J. Potter. 12mo., 3s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Perpetual Adoration, Book of.** Translated from the French of Mgr. Boudon; edited by Rev. Dr. Redman. 12mo., 3s. and 3s. 6d.
Peter (S.), his Name and his Office. See Allies (T. W., Esq., M.A.)
- Peter, Years of.** By an ex-Papal Zouave. 12mo., 1d.
- Philip Benizi (S.), Life of.** See Oratorian Lives of the Saints.
- Philosophy, Elements of.** By Rev. W. H. Hill. 8vo., 6s.
- PHILPIN (Rev. F.), Holy Places; their sanctity and authenticity.** With three Maps. 12mo., 2s. 6d. and 6s.
- Photographs (10) illustrating the History of the Miraculous Hosts, called the Blessed Sacrament of the Miracle.** 2s. 6d. the set.
- Pilgrim's Way to Heaven.** By Miss Cusack. 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- Pius IX.** 32mo., 6d.; 4to., 1d.
- Plain Chant.** See Gregorian.
- The Cecilian Society Music kept in stock.
- PLATUS (Rev. F.), Origin and Progress of Religious Orders, and Happiness of a Religious State.** Translated by Patrick Mannock. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- PLAYS.** See Dramas, page 10.
- POIRIER (Bishop), A General Catechism of the Christian Doctrine.** 18mo., 9d.
- POOR CLARES OF KENMARE.** See Cusack (Miss).
- Pope-King, Rule of.** By Rev. E. R. Martin. 8vo., 6d.
- Pope of Rome.** See Tondini (Rev. C.).
- POTTER (Rev. T. J.), Extemporaneous Speaking.**
Sacred Eloquence. 12mo., 5s.
- Farleyes of Farleye. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- Pastor and People. 12mo., 5s.
- Percy Grange. 12mo., 3s.
- Rupert Aubrey. 12mo., 3s.
- Sir Humphrey's Trial. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
- POWELL (J., Esq.), Two Years in the Pontifical Zouaves.** Illustrated. 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- PRADEL (Fr., O. P.), Life of St. Vincent Ferrer.** Translated by Rev. Fr. Dixon. With a Photograph. 12mo., 5s.
- PRAYER BOOKS.** See page 30.
- Prince and Saviour.** See Mulholland (Rosa).
- PRINS (Leopold de).** See Music.
- Pro-Cathedral, Kensington.** Tinted View of the Interior, 11 x 15 inches, 1s.; Proofs, on larger paper, 2s.
- Prophecies, Contemporary.** By Mgr. Dupanloup. 8vo., 1s.
- Protestantism and Liberty.** See Robinson (W. C.).
- Protestant Principles examined by the Written Word.** 18mo., 1s.
- Prussian Spy.** A Novel. By V. Valmont. 12mo., 4s.
- Psalmist, Catholic.** By C. B. Lyons. 12mo., 4s.
- Purgatory, A Novena in favour of the Souls in.** 32mo., 3d.
- Purgatory, The Doctrine of.** By Rev. W. Marshall. 12mo., 1s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Purgatory, Souls in.** By Abbot Burder. 32mo., 3d.
Pusey's (Dr.) Eirenicon considered. See Oxenham (H. N.).
PYE (Henry John, M.A.), Necessity of Enquiry as to Religion. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.
- RAM (Mrs. Abel), The Spiritual Life.** Conferences, by Père Ravignan. 12mo., 5s.
- RAMIERE (Rev. H.), Apostleship of Prayer.** 12mo., 6s.
RAVIGNAN (Père), The Spiritual Life, Conferences. Translated by Mrs. Abel Ram. 12mo., 5s.
- Ravignan (Père), Life of.** 12mo., 9s.
- RAWES (Rev F.), Homeward.** 8vo., 2s.
 — Sursum. 12mo., 1s.
- Reading Lessons.** By the Marist Brothers. Book 2. 18mo., 7d.
Recollections of the Reign of Terror. See Dumesnil (Abbé).
- REDMAN (Rev. Dr.), Book of Perpetual Adoration.** By Mgr. Boudon. 12mo., 3s.; red edges, 3s. 6d.
 12mo., 1s.
- REDMOND (Rev. Dr.), Eight Short Sermon Essays.**
Reflections, One Hundred Pious. See Butler.
- Regina Sæculorum;** or, Mary Venerated in all Ages. Devotions to the Blessed Virgin from Ancient Sources. 12mo., 1s. and 3s.
- Religious Orders.** See Platus (Rev. F.).
- Rest, on the Cross.** By Eleanor Louisa Hervey. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Reverse of the Medal.** A Drama for Girls. 12mo., 6d.
- RIBADENEIRA—Life, Passion, Death and Resurrection of our Lord.** 12mo., 1s.
- RICHARDSON (Rev. Fr.), Catholic Sick and Benefit Club;** or, the Guild of our Lady; and St. Joseph's Catholic Burial Society. 32mo., 4d.
 — Catholic Total Abstinence League of the Cross. 32mo., 1d.
 — Holy War. Rules, ½d.; Crosses, 2d.
 — Little by Little; or, the Penny Bank. 32mo., 1d.
 — S. Joseph's Catholic Burial Society. 2d.
 — The Crusade; or, Catholic Association for the Suppression of Drunkenness. 32mo., 1d.
- Ritus Servandus in Expositione et Benedictione S.S.** 4to., cloth, 5s. 6d.
- Road to Heaven.** A Game. By Miss M. A. Macdaniel. 3s. 6d.
- ROBERTSON (Professor), Lectures on the Life, Writings, and Times of Edmund Burke.** 12mo., 3s. 6d.
 — Anti-Janus. By Hergenröther. 12mo., 6s.
 — Lectures on Modern History and Biography. 12mo., 6s.
- ROBINSON (Wilfrid C.), Protestantism and Liberty.** Translated from the French of Professor Ozanam. 8vo., 1s.
- Roman Question, The.** By Rev. Dr. Husenbeth. 8vo., 6d.
 — and her Captors: Letters collected and edited by Count Henri d'Iderville, and Translated by F. R. Wegg - Prosser. 12mo., 4s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Rome, Past, Present, and Future. By Dr. M'Corry. 8vo., 6d.
— Personal Recollections of. By W. J. Jacob, 8vo., 6d.
— semper eadem. By D. P. M. O'Mahony. 8vo., 1s. 6d.
—, The Victories of. By Rev. F. Beste. 8vo., 1s.
Rosalie; or, the Memoir of a French Child, told by herself. 12mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
Rosary, Fifteen Mysteries of, and Fourteen Stations of the Cross. In One Volume, 32 Illustrations. 16mo., 1s. 6d.
Rosary for the Souls in Purgatory, with Indulgenced Prayer. 6d. and 9d. Medals separately, 1d. each, or 9s. gross.
Prayers separately, 1d. each, 9d. a dozen, or 6s. for 100.
Rosary, Chats about the. *See* Aunt Margaret's Little Neighbours.
ROWLEY (Rev. Austin John), A Devout Exposition of the Holy Mass. Composed by John Heigham. 12mo., 4s.
Rupert Aubrey. By Rev. T. J. Potter. 12mo., 3s.
RUTTER (Rev. H.) Life and Sufferings of Our Lord, with Introduction by Rev. Dr. Husenbeth. Illustrated. 12mo., 5s.
Sacred Heart, Act of Consecration to. 1d.; or 6s. per 100.
—, Act of Reparation to. 1s. 2d. per 100.
—, Devotions to. By Rev. S. Franco. 12mo., 4s.; cheap edition, 2s.
—, Devotions to. By Bishop Milner. 32mo., 3d.; cloth, 6d.; gilt, 1s.
—, Devotions to. Translated by Rev. J. Joy Dean. 12mo., 3s.
—, Elevations to the. By Rev. Fr. Doyotte, S.J. 12mo., 3s.
—, Handbook of the Confraternity, for the use of Members. 18mo., 3d.
—, Little Treasury of. 32mo., 2s.; French morocco, 2s. 6d.; calf, 5s.; morocco, 6s.
—, Manual of Devotions to the, from the writings of Blessed Margaret Mary. 32mo., 3d.
— offered to the Piety of the Young engaged in Study. By Rev. F. Deham. 32mo., 6d.
— *See* Paradise of God.
— Pleadings of. By Rev. M. Comersford. 18mo., 1s.; gilt edges, 2s.; with Handbook of the Confraternity, 1s. 6d.
—, Treasury of. 18mo., 3s. 6d.; roan, 4s. 6d.
Saints, Lives of. By Alban Butler. 4 vols., 8vo., 32s.; gilt, 48s.; and leather, gilt, 64s.; or the 4 vols. in 2, 28s.; gilt, 34s.
— for every day in the Year. Beautifully printed, within borders from ancient sources, on thick toned paper. 4to., gilt, 16s.
— Patron. By E. A. Starr. Illustrated. 12mo., 10s.
Sanctuary Meditations for Priests and Frequent Communicants. Translated from the Spanish of Fr. Baltasar Gracian, by Mariana Monteiro. 12mo., 4s.
SCARAMELLI—Directorium Aseticum; or, Guide to the Spiritual Life. 4 vols. 12mo., 24s.

- SCHMID (Canon), Tales.** Illustrated. 12mo., 3s. 6d. Separately :—The Canary Bird, The Dove, The Inundation, The Rose Tree, The Water Jug, The Wooden Cross. 6d. each ; gilt, 1s.
- SCHOOL BOOKS.** Supplied according to order.
- School of Jesus Crucified.** By the Passionist Fathers. 18mo., 5s.
- SCHOUVALOFF (Rev. Father, Barnabite), My Conversion and Vocation.** Translated from the French, with an Appendix, by Fr. C. Tondini. 12mo., 5s.
- SCHULTHES (William).** See Music.
- Scraps from my Scrapbook.** See Arnold (M. J.).
- SEGNERI (Fr., S.J.), Panegyrics.** Translated from the original Italian. With a Preface, by Rev. W. Humphrey, of the same Society. 12mo., 5s.
- SEGUR (Mgr.), Books for Little Children.** Translated. 32mo., 3d. each. Confession, Holy Communion, Child Jesus, Piety, Prayer, Temptation and Sin. In one volume, cloth, 2s.
- Practical Counsels for Holy Communion. 18mo., 9d.
- Segur (Countess de), The Little Hunchback.** 12mo., 3s.
- Seignoret (Paul), Life of.** 12mo., 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
- Selva ; a Collection of Matter for Sermons.** By St. Liguori. 12mo., 5s.
- Semi-Tropical Trifles.** By H. Compton. 12mo., 1s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Sermon Essays.** By Rev. Dr. Redmond. 12mo., 1s.
- Sermons.** By Dr. Husenbeth. 8vo., 6d. each. 1. Lady Bedingfield. 2. Hon. Mary Stafford Jerningham. 3. Right Hon. George Lord Staffor. 4. Hon. Edwin Stafford Jerningham.
- By Father Burke, O.P., and others. 12mo., 2s.
- The Light of the Holy Spirit in the World. By Bishop Hedley. 1s.; cloth, 1s. 6d.
- One Hundred Short. By Rev. Fr. Thomas. 8vo., 12s.
- Serving Boy's Manual, and Book of Public Devotions.** Containing all those prayers and devotions for Sundays and Holy-days, usually divided in their recitation between the Priest and the Congregation. Compiled from approved sources, and adapted to Churches, served either by the Secular or Regular Clergy. 32mo., embossed, 1s.; French morocco, 2s.; calf, 4s.; with Epistles and Gospels, 6d. extra.
- Seven Sacraments Explained and Defended.** 18mo., 1s. 6d.
- SHAKESPEARE.** Expurgated edition. By Rosa Baughan. 8vo., 6s. The Comedies only, 3s. 6d.
- Shandy Maguire.** A Farce for Boys. 12mo., 1s.
- Siege of Limerick (Florence O'Neill).** See Stewart (Agnes M.).
- SIGHART (Dr.) Albert the Great.** See Albert.
- Silver Teapot.** By Elizabeth King. 18mo., 4d.
- Simple Tales—Waiting for Father, &c., &c.** 16mo., 2s. 6d.
- Sir Ælfric and other Tales.** See Bampfield (Rev. G.).
- Sir Humphrey's Trial.** By Rev. T. J. Potter. 16mo., 2s. 6d.
- Sir Thomas Maxwell and his Ward.** By Miss Bridges. 12mo., 1s. and 2s.
- Sir Thomas More.** See Stewart (A. M.).
- Sisters of Charity, Manual of.** 18mo. 6s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- SMITH-SLIGO** (A. V., Esq.), *Life of the Ven. Anna Maria Taigi.* Translated from the French of Calixte. 8vo., 2s. 6d. and 5s. [3s. 6d.]
- (Mrs.) *Margarethe Verflassen.* 12mo., 1s., 3s., and 32mo., 1s. 6d.
- SPALDING'S** (Abp.) *Works.* 5 vols., 52s. 6d.; or separately : *Evidences of Catholicity,* 10s. 6d.; *Miscellanea,* 2 vols., 21s.; *Protestant Reformation,* 2 vols., 21s.
- Spalding** (Archbishop), *Life of.* 8vo., 10s. 6d.
- Spalding** (Abp.). *Sermon at the Month's Mind.* 8vo., 1s.
- Spiritual Conferences on the Mysteries of Faith and the Interior Life.** By Father Collins. 12mo., 5s.
- Spiritual Life.** *Conferences by Père Ravignan.* Translated by Mrs. Abel Ram. 12mo., 5s.
- Spiritual Works of Louis of Blois.** Edited by Rev. F. John Bowden. 12mo., 3s. 6d.; red edges, 4s.
- STARRELL** (Eliza Allen), *Patron Saints.* Illustrated. 12mo., 10s.
- Stations of the Cross, Devotions for Public and Private Use at the.** By Miss Cusack. Illustrated. 16mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.
- Stations of the Cross.** By S. Liguori. 18mo., 1d.
- Stephen Langton, Life of.** 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- STEWART** (A. M.), *Alone in the World.* 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- *St. Angela's Manual.* See *Angela (S.)*
- *Biographical Readings.* 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- *Florence O'Neill, the Rose of St. Germaine;* or, the Days of the Siege of Limerick. 12mo., 5s.; extra, 6s.
- *General Questions in History, Chronology, Geography, the Arts, &c.* 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- *Life and Letters of Sir Thomas More.* Illustrated, 10s. 6d.; gilt, 11s. 6d.
- *Life of S. Angela Merici.* 12mo., 4s. 6d.
- *Life in the Cloister.* 12mo., 3s. 6d. [extra, 6s.
- *Limerick Veteran;* or, the Foster Sisters. 12mo., 5s.;
- *Margaret Roper.* 12mo., 6s.; extra, 7s.
- Stories for my Children—The Angels and the Sacraments.** 16mo., 1s.
- Stories of Holy Lives.** By M. F. S., Author of "Stories of the Saints," "Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales," &c. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Stories of Martyr Priests.** By M. F. S. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Stories of the Saints.** By M. F. S. 12mo., 1st Series, 3s. 6d.; gilt, 4s. 6d. 2nd Series, 3s. 6d.; gilt, 4s. 6d.
- Stormsworth, with other Poems and Plays.** By the author of "Thy Gods, O Israel." 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Story of Marie and other Tales.** 12mo., 2s.; gilt, 3s.; or separately :—*The Story of Marie,* 2d.; *Nelly Blane, and a Contrast,* 2d.; *A Conversion and a Death-bed,* 2d.; *Herbert Montagu,* 2d.; *Jane Murphy, the Dying Gipsy, and the Nameless Grave,* 2d.; *The Beggars, and True and False Riches,* 2d.; *Pat and his Friend,* 2d.

- Story of the Life of St. Paul.** By M. F. S., author of "Stories of the Saints." 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- Sufferings of our Lord.** Sermons preached by Father Claude de la Colombière, S.J., in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in the year 1677. 18mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; red edges, 2s.
- Supernatural Life, The.** By Mgr. Mermilliod. Translated from the French, with a Preface by Lady Herbert. 12mo., 5s.
- Supremacy of the Roman See.** By C. E. Tame, Esq. 8vo., 6d.
- Sure Way to Heaven.** A Little Manual for Confession and Holy Communion. 32mo., 6d.; Persian, 2s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 3s. 6d.
- Sweetness of Holy Living;** or, Honey culled from the Flower Garden of S. Francis of Sales. 18mo., 1s.; French morocco, 3s.
- Taigi (Anna Maria), Life of.** Translated from the French of Calixte by A. V. Smith-Sligo, Esq. 8vo., 2s. 6d. and 5s.
- Tales and Sketches.** *See* Fleet.
- TAME (C. E., Esq.), Early English Literature.** 16mo., 2s. a vol. I. Our Lady's Lament, and the Lamentation of S. Mary Magdalene. II. Life of Our Lady, in verse.
- Supremacy of the Roman See. 8vo., 6d.
- TANDY (Rev. Dr.), Terry O'Flinn.** 12mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
- TAUNTON (M.), Last of the Catholic O'Malleys.** 18mo., 1s. 6d.; stronger bound, 2s.
- One Hundred Pious Reflections, from Alban Butler's Lives of the Saints. 18mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 2s.
- Temperance Books.** *See* Richardson (Rev. Fr.).
- Cards (Illuminated), 3d. each. [3d. each.]
- Medals—Immaculate Conception, St. Patrick, St. Joseph. Terry O'Flinn. By Rev. Dr. Tandy. 12mo., 1s.; stronger bound, 1s. 6d.; gilt, 2s.
- Testimony;** or, the Necessity of Enquiry as to Religion. By John Henry Pye, M.A. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.
- THOMAS (H. J.), One Hundred Short Sermons.** 8vo., 12s.
- Three Wishes.** A Tale. By M. F. S. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
- Threshold of the Catholic Church.** *See* Bagshawe.
- Tom's Crucifix, and other Tales.** By M. F. S. 12mo., 3s.
- TONDINI (Rev. Cæsarius), My Conversion and Vocation.** By Rev. Fr. Schouvaloff. 12mo., 5s.
- The Pope of Rome and the Popes of the Oriental Orthodox Church. An essay on Monarchy in the Church, with special reference to Russia, from original documents, Russian and Greek. Second Edition. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
- Some Documents concerning of the Association Prayers in Honour of Mary Immaculate, for the Return of the Greek-Russian Church to Catholic Unity. 12mo., 3d.
- Trials of Faith.** *See* Browne (E. G. K.).
- TRONSON (Ahbe), The Mass:** a devout Method of assisting at it. 32mo., 4*d.*

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Truce of God. A Tale of the XI. Century. *See* Miles (G. H.).
Two Colonels. By Father Thomas. 12mo., 6s.
Ursuline Manual. *See* Prayers, page 32.
VALMONT (V.), The Prussian Spy. A Novel. 12mo., 4s.
Veronica Giuliani (S.), Life of, and B. Battista Varani.
With a Photographic Portrait. 12mo., 5s.
Village Innkeeper. By Conscience. 12mo., 4s.
Village Lily. A Tale. 12mo., 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.
Vincent Ferrer (S.), of the Order of Friar Preachers; his
Life, Spiritual Teaching, and Practical Devotion.
By Rev. Fr. Andrew Pradel, O.P. Translated from the French by
the Rev. Fr. T. A. Dixon, O.P., with a Photograph. 12mo., 5s.
VINCENT OF LIRINS (S.). A Translation of the Com-
monitory of S. Vincent of Lirins. 12mo., 1s. 3d.
Vincent of Paul (S.), Glory of. *See* Manning (Archbishop).
VIRGIL. Literally translated by Davidson. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
"Vitis Mystica"; or, the True Vine. *See* Brownlow.
WALLER (J. F., Esq.), Festival Tales. 12mo., 5s.
WALSH (W. H., Esq.), Henry V. 8vo., 6d.
Way of Salvation. By S. Liguori. 32mo., 1s.
Weedall (Mgr.), Life of. By Rev. Dr. Husebeth. 8vo., 1s.
WEgg-PROSSER (F. R.), Rome and her Captors.
12mo., 4s.
What is Christianity? By Rev. F. H. Laing, D.D. 12mo., 6d.
Whence the Monarch's Right to Rule? *See* Laing (Rev. D.).
WHITE (George), Cardinal Wiseman. 12mo., 1s. and 1s. 6d.
— Comte de Montalembert. 12mo., 6d.
— Life of S. Edmund of Canterbury. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
— Map of London, Showing the Churches. 6d.
WHITELOCK (A.), The Chances of War. An Irish Tale.
8vo., 5s.
William (St.), of York. A Drama in Two Acts. (Boys.) 12mo., 6d.
WILLIAMS (Canon), Anglican Orders. 12mo., 3s. 6d.
Wiseman (Cardinal), Life and Obsequies. 12mo., 1s. and
1s. 6d.
— Recollections of. By M. J. Arnold. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
Woman's Work in Modern Society. *See* Cusack (M. F.)
WOODS (Canon), Defence of the Roman Church against
F. Gratry. Translated from the French of Gueranger. 8vo.,
1s. 6d.
WYATT-EDGELL (Alfred), Stormsworth, with other Poems
and Plays. 12mo., 2s. 6d.
— Thy Gods! O Israel. 12mo., 2s.
Young Catholic's Guide to Confession and Holy Com-
munion. By Dr. Kenny. 32mo., 4d.; cloth, 6d.; red edges, 9d.;
French morocco, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d.
Young Doctor. By Conscience. 12mo., 4s.
YOUNG (T., Esq.), History of Ireland. 18mo., 2s. 6d.
Zouaves, Pontifical, Two Years in. By Joseph Powell, Z.P.
Illustrated. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row London.

PRAYER BOOKS.

Garden, Little, of the Soul. Edited by the Rev. R. G. Davis. *With Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster.* This book, as its name imports, contains a selection from the "Garden of the Soul" of the Prayers and Devotions of most general use. Whilst it will serve as a *Pocket Prayer Book* for all, it is, by its low price, *par excellence*, the Prayer Book for children and for the very poor. In it are to be found the old familiar Devotions of the "Garden of the Soul," as well as many important additions, such as the Devotions to the Sacred Heart, to Saint Joseph, to the Guardian Angels, and others. The omissions are mainly the Forms of administering the Sacraments, and Devotions that are not of very general use. It is printed in a clear type, on a good paper, both especially selected, for the purpose of obviating the disagreeableness of small type and inferior paper. Tenth thousand.

32mo., price, cloth, 6d.; with rims and clasp, 1s. Embossed, red edges, 9d.; with rims and clasp, 1s. 3d.; Strong roan, 1s.; with rims and classs 1s. 6d. French morocco, 1s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 2s. French morocco extra gilt, 2s.; with rims and clasp, 2s. 6d. Calf or morocco, 3s.; with rims and clasp, 4s. Calf or morocco, extra gilt, 4s.; with rims and clasp, 5s. Morocco antique, 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 12s., 16s. Velvet, rims and clasp, 5s., 8s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. Russia, 5s.; with clasp, &c., 8s.; Russia antique, 17s. 6d. Ivory, with rims and clasp, 10s. 6d., 13s., 15s., 17s. 6d. Imitation ivory, with rims and clasp, 3s. With oxydized silver or gilt mountings, in morocco case, 25s.

Catholic Hours: a Manual of Prayer, including Mass and Vespers. By J. R. Digby Beste, Esq. 32mo., cloth, 2s.; red edges, 2s. 6d.; roan, 3s.; morocco, 6s.

Catholic Piety; or, Key of Heaven, with Epistles and Gospels. Large 32mo., roan, 1s. 6d. and 2s.; French morocco, with rims and clasp, 2s. 6d.; extra gilt, 3s.; with rims and clasp, 3s. 6d.; velvet, 3s. 6d. and 10s.

Catholic Piety; or, Key of Heaven. 32mo., 6d.; rims and clasp, 1s.; French morocco, 1s.; velvet, with rims and clasp, 2s. 6d.; with Epistles and Gospels, roan, 1s.; French morocco, 1s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 2s.; extra gilt, 2s.; Persian, 2s. 6d.; imitation ivory, 3s.; morocco, 3s. 6d.; velvet, rims and clasp, 3s. 6d.

Crown of Jesus. 18mo., Persian calf, 6s. Calf or Morocco, 7s. 6d. and 8s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 10s. 6d. Calf or morocco, extra gilt, 10s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 12s. 6d.; with turn-over edges, 10s. 6d. Ivory, with rims and clasp, 21s., 25s., 27s. 6d. and 30s.

Devotions for Mass. Very large type, 12mo., 2d.

Daily Exercises for Devout Christians, in which are contained various practices of piety tending to a Holy Life and a Happy Death. By Rev. T. V. Monk, O.S.B. Edited by a Carmelite Father. 18mo., 4s., better bound, 5s., 6s. 6d., 9s., 10s. 6d., 12s. 6d.

Garden of the Soul. Very large Type. 18mo., cloth, 1s.; with Epistles and Gospels, 1s. 6d.; French morocco, 2s. 6d.; with E. and G., 3s. 6d. Best edition, without E. and G., 3s. 6d. and 7s. 6d. Epistles and Gospels, in French morocco, 2s.

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.

- Holy Childhood.** Simple Prayers for very little children. 32mo., 1s.; gilt, 1s. 6d.
- Illustrated Manual of Prayers.** 32mo., 3d.; cloth, 4d.
- Key of Heaven.** *Very large type.* 18mo., 1s.; leather, 2s. 6d.; extra gilt, 3s.
- Lily of St. Joseph, The;** a little Manual of Prayers and Hymns for Mass. 64mo., price 2d.; cloth, 3d., 4d., 6d., or 8d.; roan, 1s.; French morocco, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s.; gilt, 2s. 6d.
- Little Prayer Book, The,** for Ordinary Catholic Devotions. 32mo., cloth, 3d.
- Manual of Catholic Devotions.** Small, for the waistcoat pocket. 64mo., 6d.; with Epistles and Gospels, cloth, rims, 1s.; roan, 1s.; with tuck, 1s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 2s. 6d. Imitation Ivory, 2s.
- Manual of the Sisters of Charity.** 18mo., 6s.
- Memorare Mass.** By the Poor Clares of Kenmare. 32mo., 2d.
- Miniature Prayer Book,** 48mo., 6d.; cape, 1s. calf, 2s. 6d.; imitation ivory, rims and clasp, 3s.; morocco, rims and clasp, 4s. 6d.; with tuck, 4s. 6d.; velvet, with rims and clasp, 4s. 6d.; ivory, with clasp, 7s. 6d.; russia, with clasp, 1os. 6d.
- Missal (Complete).** 18mo., Persian, 8s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 1os. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 13s. 6d.; calf or mor., extra gilt, 12s. 6d., with rims and clasp, 15s. 6d.; morocco, with turn-over edges, 13s. 6d.; morocco antique, 15s.; velvet, 2os.; Russia, 2os.; ivory, with rims and clasp, 31s. 6d. and 35s.
- A very beautiful edition, handsomely bound in morocco, gilt mountings, silk linings, edges red on gold, in a morocco case. Illustrated, £5. [clasp, 8s.]
- Missal and Vesper Book,** in one vol. 32mo., morocco, 6s.; with Occasional Prayers for Festivals. By Rev. T. Barge. 32mo., 4d. and 6d.; gilt, 1s.
- Path to Paradise.** 32 full-page Illustrations. 32mo., cloth, 3d. With 50 Illustrations, cloth, 4d. Superior edition, 6d. and 1s.
- Serving Boy's Manual and Book of Catholic Devotions,** containing all those Prayers and Devotions for Sundays and Holidays, usually divided in their recitation between the Priest and the Congregation. Compiled from approved sources, and adapted to Churches served either by the Secular or the Regular Clergy. 32mo., Embossed, 1s.; with Epistles and Gospels, 1s. 6d.; French morocco, 2s., with Epistles and Gospels, 2s. 6d.; calf, 4s., with Epistles and Gospels, 4s. 6d.
- S. Patrick's Manual.** Compiled by Sister Mary Frances Clare. 18mo., 3s. 6d.
- Sure Way to Heaven.** 32mo., cloth, 6d.: Persian, 2s. 6d.; calf or morocco, 3s. 6d.
- Treasury of the Sacred Heart.** 18mo., 3s. 6d.; roan, 4s. 6d. 32mo., 2s.; French morocco, 2s. 6d.; calf 5s.; morocco, 6s.
- Ursuline Manual.** 18mo., 4s.; Persian calf, 7s. 6d.; morocco, 1os.

Garden of the Soul. (WASHBOURNE'S EDITION.) Edited by the Rev. R. G. Davis. *With Imprimatur of the Archbishop of Westminster.* Thirteenth Thousand. This Edition retains all the Devotions that have made the **GARDEN OF THE SOUL**, now for many generations, the well-known Prayer-book for English Catholics. During many years various Devotions have been introduced, and, in the form of appendices, have been added to other editions. These have now been incorporated into the body of the work, and, together with the Devotions to the Sacred Heart, to Saint Joseph, to the Guardian Angels, the Itinerarium, and other important additions, render this edition pre-eminently the Manual of Prayer, for both public and private use. The version of the Psalms has been carefully revised, and strictly conformed to the Douay translation of the Bible, published with the approbation of the LATE CARDINAL WISEMAN. The Forms of administering the Sacraments have been carefully translated, *as also the rubrical directions*, from the *Ordo Administrandi Sacra menta*. To enable all present, either at baptisms or other public administrations of the Sacraments, to pay due attention to the sacred rites, the Forms are inserted without any curtailment, both in Latin and English. The Devotions at Mass have been carefully revised, and enriched by copious adaptations from the prayers of the Missal. The preparation for the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist have been the objects of especial care, to adapt them to the wants of those whose religious instruction may be deficient. Great attention has been paid to the quality of the paper and to the size of type used in the printing, to obviate that weariness so distressing to the eyes, caused by the use of books printed in small close type and on inferior paper.

32mo. Embossed, 1s.; with rims and clasp, 1s. 6d.; with Epistles and Gospels, 1s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 2s. French morocco, 2s.; with rims and clasp, 2s. 6d.; with E. and G., 2s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 3s. French morocco extra gilt, 2s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 3s.; with E. and G., 3s.; with rims and clasp, 3s. 6d. Calf, or morocco 4s.; with rims and clasp, 5s. 6d.; with E. and G., 4s. 6d., with rims and clasp, 6s. Calf or morocco extra gilt, 5s.; with rims and clasp, 6s. 6d.; with E. and G., 5s. 6d.; with rims and clasp, 7s. Velvet, with rims and clasp, 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., and 13s.; with E. and G., 8s., 11s., and 13s. 6d. Russia, antique, with clasp, 10s., 12s. 6d.; with E. and G., 10s. 6d., 13s., with corners and clasps, 20s.; with E. and G., 20s. 6d. Ivory 14s., 16s., 20s., and 22s. 6d.; with E. and G., 14s. 6d.; 16s. 6d., 20s. 6d., and 23s. Morocco antique, 10s., with 2 patent clasps, 12s.; with E. and G., 10s. 6d. and 12s. 6d.; with corners and clasps, 18s.; with E. and G., 18s. 6d.

The Epistles and Gospels, in cloth, 6d.; roan, 1s. 6d.

' This is one of the best editions we have seen of one of the best of all our Prayer Books. It is well printed in clear, large type, on good paper.'—*Catholic Opinion* "A very complete arrangement of this which is emphatically the Prayer Book of every Catholic household. It is as cheap as it is good, and we heartily recommend it."—*Universer.* "Two striking features are the admirable order displayed throughout the book, and the insertion of the Indulgences in small type above Indulgenced Prayers. In the Devotions for Mass, the editor has, with great discrimination, drawn largely on the Church's Prayers, as given us in the Missal."—*Weekly Register.*

R. Washbourne, 18 Paternoster Row, London.







